



Palestinians from the West Bank encounter barbed wire and a wall as they try to avoid checkpoints and enter Jerusalem

Israeli roadblocks ensure few answer call to prayer

HEAVY Israeli security barred most of the 100,000 or so Palestinians who were expected to pray at the al-Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem yesterday in response to Yasser Arafat's call for a demonstration against Israeli policies.

Many who tried to attend were turned away at checkpoints at entrances to the city. Some 2,000 police and soldiers lined the streets, prepared for trouble.

Al-Aqsa, which stands on the Haram-e-Sharif in the heart of the Old City, is known to Jews as Temple Mount. On Fridays, Jews and Muslims alike pray in the elaborately guarded and segregated compound. Around 50,000 Muslims usually attend Friday prayers. Mr Arafat's call to worship — his second show-down with Israel's hardline government in two days — was meant to underscore the Palestinians' claims to east Jerusalem as a future capital.

It was also intended to test Israel's contention that it ensures freedom of worship in a city sacred to Jews, Muslims and Christians. Israel's closure of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, in force for six months, has barred most Palestinians from Jerusalem, including al-Aqsa, Islam's third holiest shrine.

In the Ras el-Amud district

narrow alleys leading to al-Aqsa were the scene.

"Look at this Jewish army. If they want peace why do they stand here. We want justice, but not by force," said an old man.

Others simply did not bother to come. At one checkpoint in Abu Dis, no cars were queuing. "Why should I Who is Arafat anyway," de-

If [Palestinians] do not obey him now, the future is bad," said one worshipper.

Faisal Hiyssim, a senior PLO official in Jerusalem, echoed those thoughts. "Palestinians were growing angry at the weakness of the Palestinian Authority. 'I feel that there is an explosion coming, and I will be the first victim of it,' he told an Israeli newspaper.

A senior aide of Mr Arafat, Nabil Abu Rdainah, was equally pessimistic. "The peace process is paralysed, the resumption of negotiations in practical terms is frozen and the contacts until now have not led to any results at all," he said.

If Israel goes ahead with its plans to build 3,500 more housing units in four Jewish settlements close to Jerusalem, Mr Arafat's prospects look bleak. "Palestinians see him being increasingly humiliated by Israel.

The word on the street is not encouraging. 'I don't believe in Arafat. If peace comes it will be from God, not the president,' said Youssef, a tour guide.

Palestinians see him being increasingly humiliated by Netanyahu

close to the mosque, Israeli police turned away not only West Bank residents but those with Jerusalem identity cards, who can usually move freely.

"Find another way. You can't pass through here," a policeman told the AP reporter, Sa'ad Ghannam, a Jerusalem resident, when he approached a roadblock.

At the entrance to Damascus Gate, on one of the main routes to the mosque, there were more soldiers and journalists than Palestinians. The

manded Ibrahim, a youth, as he watched Palestinians file towards the Old City.

There is a growing disenchantment with Mr Arafat among Palestinians, who are beginning to believe that the president of their national authority is incapable of standing up to the Israelis.

No sooner was Thursday's four-hour anti-Israel general strike over than Mr Arafat was agreeing to restart peace negotiations next week, albeit at a low level.

"Arafat should be worried.

Lawyer in prisoners' jail release row is named

Alan Travis
Home Affairs Editor

THE lawyer whose advice triggered the mistaken release of 537 prisoners is named today as Stephen Parker, an in-house Home Office barrister.

Mr Parker, who advises on the legality of government

policy, gambling, employment law and fire precautions, as well as prison matters, is said to be on holiday.

The Probation Service yesterday pressed prison chiefs for a list of the 537 let out as a result of the "sorry fiasco", so that it can keep track of them.

Mr Parker's advice was crucial to the recommendation of a Prison Service working

group, chaired by Sally Swift, a former prison governor, that the rules on calculating prison sentences be changed and the programme of early release implemented.

Mr Parker and Ms Swift are expected to be questioned in the Home Office inquiry launched after the High Court on Thursday upheld Home Secretary Michael Howard's

decision a week ago to block any more releases. The inquiry is expected to consider their future roles.

Mr Howard said this week that in future outside counsel's advice would also be taken on issues of such importance. The working group report went up the Prison Service hierarchy to Tony Pearson, director of custody. It was then approved

by the executive committee before being sent out in the form of instructions to governors under the name of Richard Tilt, director-general.

The Prison Governors' Association yesterday expressed its full support for Mr Tilt in the face of demands from Tory MPs for him to resign his £77,000-a-year post.

The association emphasised

that he had apologised to Mr Howard on behalf of the Prison Service.

Sir Teddy Taylor, MP for South East, said: "It seems to have been a bit of a shambles. I feel the Home Secretary has been unfairly dealt with. He has been made to look a complete clown over this letting out of prisoners without him even being told.

Suicidal Alaskan walrus beat a path to the cliff tops

T. A. Badger in Anchorage

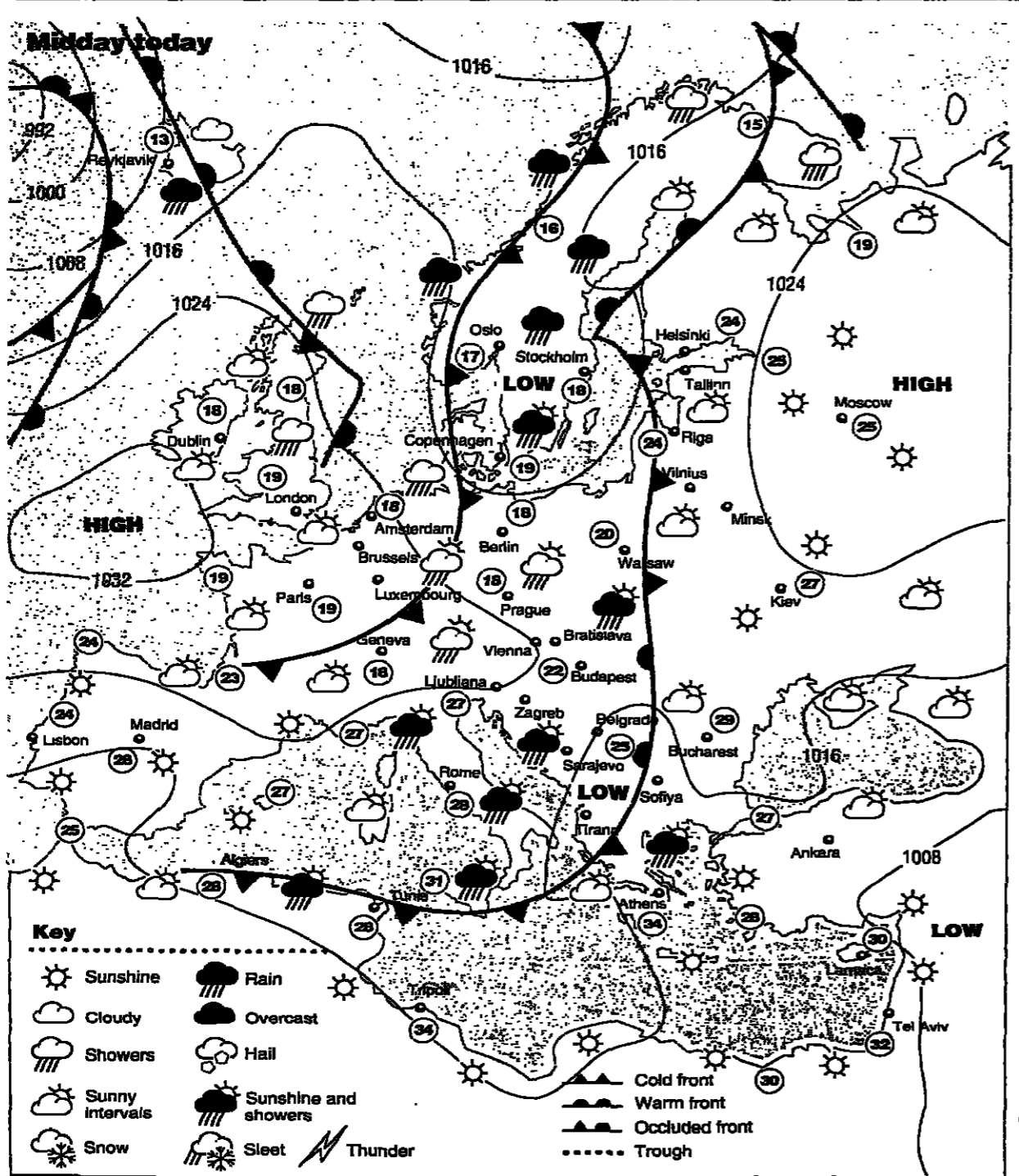
BIOLOGISTS are baffled by the behaviour of walrus at an Alaskan wildlife refuge, which for the past three summers have lumbered up the slope of a 100ft cliff and then fallen to their deaths.

"We're still trying to figure out why this is happening,"

said Anwar Archibueque, manager of the Toksik National Wildlife Refuge.

Up to 60 walrus died on Tuesday at Cape Petter, about 400 miles south-west of Anchorage, the United States Fish and Wildlife Service said. They were part of a herd of 12,500 non-mating walrus that gather each summer to eat and sun themselves. — AP.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	21-22 S	22-23 S
Amsterdam	20-21 S	21-22 S
Athens	24-25 S	25-26 S
Berlin	19-20 S	20-21 S
Bombay	29-30 S	30-31 S
Buenos Aires	20-21 S	21-22 S
Calcutta	29-30 S	30-31 S
Cape Town	18-19 S	19-20 S
Cairo	28-29 S	29-30 S
Cardiff	19-20 S	20-21 S
Chennai	29-30 S	30-31 S
Copenhagen	18-19 S	19-20 S
Cuba	28-29 S	29-30 S
Dublin	19-20 S	20-21 S
Geneva	20-21 S	21-22 S
Hong Kong	29-30 S	30-31 S
London	19-20 S	20-21 S
Madras	29-30 S	30-31 S
Melbourne	18-19 S	19-20 S
Mumbai	29-30 S	30-31 S
Osaka	29-30 S	30-31 S
Paris	19-20 S	20-21 S
Rangoon	29-30 S	30-31 S
Stockholm	18-19 S	19-20 S
Tokyo	29-30 S	30-31 S
Yokohama	29-30 S	30-31 S

Around the world

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	21-22 S	22-23 S
Amsterdam	20-21 S	21-22 S
Athens	24-25 S	25-26 S
Berlin	19-20 S	20-21 S
Bombay	29-30 S	30-31 S
Buenos Aires	20-21 S	21-22 S
Calcutta	29-30 S	30-31 S
Cape Town	18-19 S	19-20 S
Cairo	28-29 S	29-30 S
Cardiff	19-20 S	20-21 S
Chennai	29-30 S	30-31 S
Copenhagen	18-19 S	19-20 S
Cuba	28-29 S	29-30 S
Dublin	19-20 S	20-21 S
Geneva	20-21 S	21-22 S
Hong Kong	29-30 S	30-31 S
London	19-20 S	20-21 S
Madras	29-30 S	30-31 S
Melbourne	18-19 S	19-20 S
Mumbai	29-30 S	30-31 S
Osaka	29-30 S	30-31 S
Paris	19-20 S	20-21 S
Rangoon	29-30 S	30-31 S
Stockholm	18-19 S	19-20 S
Tokyo	29-30 S	30-31 S
Yokohama	29-30 S	30-31 S

European weather outlook

Scandinavia
An active depression centred over southern Sweden will move away slowly. Today will be unsettled over Norway, Sweden and Denmark with a good deal of cloud and widespread showers or longer spells of rain. Finland should be drier and brighter with spells of sunshine. Max temp 15 or 16C in the west, but nearer 22C in Finland.

Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland
A cool north-westerly airflow will bring a lot of cloud and scattered showers to the Low Countries and in the east and north-west with some showers or drizzle. Max temp 15 or 16C in the west, but nearer 22C in the east.

Spain and Portugal
A ridge of high pressure should give most of France a fine weekend with good spells of warm sunshine, but it will be cooler and more cloudy in the east and north-west with some showers today. Max temp ranging from 27C on the Mediterranean coast to 18C in the far north-east.

Spain and Portugal
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Television and radio — Saturday

BBC 1
8.55 News, 9.00 News, 9.15 News, 9.30 News, 9.45 News, 10.00 News, 10.15 News, 10.30 News, 10.45 News, 11.00 News, 11.15 News, 11.30 News, 11.45 News, 12.00 News, 12.15 News, 12.30 News, 12.45 News, 1.00 News, 1.15 News, 1.30 News, 1.45 News, 2.00 News, 2.15 News, 2.30 News, 2.45 News, 3.00 News, 3.15 News, 3.30 News, 3.45 News, 4.00 News, 4.15 News, 4.30 News, 4.45 News, 5.00 News, 5.15 News, 5.30 News, 5.45 News, 6.00 News, 6.15 News, 6.30 News, 6.45 News, 7.00 News, 7.15 News, 7.30 News, 7.45 News, 8.00 News, 8.15 News, 8.30 News, 8.45 News, 9.00 News, 9.15 News, 9.30 News, 9.45 News, 10.00 News, 10.15 News, 10.30 News, 10.45 News, 11.00 News, 11.15 News, 11.30 News, 11.45 News, 12.00 News, 12.15 News, 12.30 News, 12.45 News, 1.00 News, 1.15 News, 1.30 News, 1.45 News, 2.00 News, 2.15 News, 2.30 News, 2.45 News, 3.00 News, 3.15 News, 3.30 News, 3.45 News, 4.00 News, 4.15 News, 4.30 News, 4.45 News, 5.00 News, 5.15 News, 5.30 News, 5.45 News, 6.00 News, 6.15 News, 6.30 News, 6.45 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'Northern Ireland cannot withstand another summer like this one. The country crept right to the edge of the abyss. It pulled back and I believe it will continue to draw back. Rebuilding community relations and trust is now the force's top priority'

The new RUC chief, Ronnie Flanagan, who faces bitterness following the Drumcree march (right)



New RUC chief is ready for scrum

Christopher Elliott and Owen Bowcott

NORTHERN Ireland's police force skipped a police force when a 47-year-old former rugby player was yesterday appointed as the new Chief Constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

Age and political acumen are thought to have given Ronnie Flanagan, a deputy chief constable and the son of a shipyard worker, the edge over Blair Wallace, the 58-year-old other RUC deputy chief constable and his main rival, who has vast operational experience. The third short-listed candidate was Bill Taylor, Commissioner of the City of London police.

All three underwent several hours of examination by the Policy Co-ordinating Committee of the Northern Ireland Police Authority on Wednesday.

The peace process has intensified demands for institutional reform of the RUC, while the violence and controversy surrounding this summer's Orange parades has revived calls for community accountability.

Mr Flanagan, a Protestant who is married with three children, said yesterday after his appointment, which carries a £100,000-a-year salary: "Northern Ireland cannot withstand another summer like this one. The country crept right to the edge of the abyss. It pulled back and I believe it will continue to draw back."

Rebuilding community relations and trust was now the force's priority. He is also committed to raising the level of Catholics in the force from the current 10 per cent.

He is a high-flier who was widely seen as the favoured successor to Sir Hugh Annesley. Some observers suspected his chances might have been damaged by the RUC's handling of the Orange Order stand-off at Drumcree in July when police backed down under threat and allowed a parade on the Catholic Garvaghy Road in Portadown.

But he recovered with a well organised policing operation at the Apprentice Boys' march in Londonderry last

month and helped to negotiate settlements with local communities which allowed two Protestant parades through the Catholic villages of Dunloy and Bellaghy.

He has attended the intermediate command and senior command courses at the police staff college at Branshill and the FBI Academy, where he was awarded a diploma in 1988.

He is keen on sport and once played hooker for the Ulster inter-provincial rugby team.

A former senior police officer who attended Branshill with him said: "He is a very, very open guy and very good with the media as well as believing in the democratic consensus style of policing."

He is highly regarded by the rank and file, though some senior officers believe he may be too young and radical to take control at a time when the force is preparing to undergo change.

He has prepared an internal review of the future of policing based on a province free of violence. It is due to be published in the early autumn.

Mr Flanagan has held a variety of senior posts in Belfast and Londonderry and has twice headed the Special Branch. He was also in charge of the complaints and discipline branch.

Sir Hugh, who retires at the end of October after seven difficult years, welcomed his appointment.

The scale of the problems facing Mr Flanagan were illustrated in condemnations of his appointment by Gerry Adams, the Sinn Fein president, and the Rev Ian Paisley, the leader of the Democratic Unionist Party. Mr Adams said there was a widespread view among nationalists that the force had no future and should be disbanded.

Mr Paisley claimed Mr Flanagan did not have the support of most officers. More he had need-dived after the Drumcree stand-off.

Age and political acumen are thought to have given Flanagan the edge

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GOODMANS

Alarm over BSE meat in baby foods

Paul Brown

MEAT banned for human consumption because of mad cow disease was used in baby food in the 1980s, according to government researchers.

Research buried for a decade in academic journals emerged yesterday as fears continued about the effect of meat infected with bovine spongiform encephalopathy that entered the food chain without public awareness.

An academic paper first published in 1986 by staff at the Laboratory of the Government Chemist shows that mechanically recovered meat was used in "infant foods and special diets for the disabled". That was in the same year the BSE epidemic was confirmed.

The paper was the first in a series by scientists working for the Ministry of Agriculture. A laboratory spokesman said the ministry wanted ways of detecting that kind of meat in food to ensure manufacturers were not making false claims.

Controls on offal use began in 1989, but it was not until 1992 that the Government banned mechanically recovered meat producers from using flesh from the spinal column for fear it carried mad cow disease.

The industry blasts off this kind of meat using high-pressure hoses. It is then processed into a paste that has commonly been used in sausages and meat pies. Baby food manufacturers deny they used it, but it was detected by government scientists.

Christine Gowdridge, director of the Maternity Alliance, said: "If this is true we would call for an early clarification of the facts by the Department

of Health and the Ministry of Agriculture. They have to give advice to women who have been feeding their babies. We want information, not assurances."

A Ministry of Agriculture official said there had been extra concern about the possible contracting of Creutzfeldt-Jacob Disease, the human form of BSE, by babies. If it needed decades to develop, then the earlier the exposure the greater the chance of incurable illness later in life.

Consultant microbiologist Stephen Dealler, a BSE specialist, said: "Using this meat was a silly thing to have done. Everyone should be worried. We have been taking risks."

Kim Laing, professor of food policy at Thames Valley University, said: "If we have allowed this sub-standard product [mechanically recovered meat] into our food we deserve the consequences. The consumer didn't know it was there but the food industry did — I think that it is culpable."

"Under pressure from its advisory committees, the Government has refused to ban this substance. It's another illustration of the way British food policy is driven by commercial interests."

But members of the Spongiform Encephalopathy Advisory Committee — which advises the Government on BSE — were unruffled by the disclosure. John Almond, of Reading university, said: "No one thought we should not do this [type of meat] to babies. We would have said 'why not?' There was no reason to pick it out and say 'don't feed it to kids'."

The Infant and Dietetic Food Association, which represents baby food manufacturers, said that kind of meat was not now used in baby foods.



Robert Louis Tewdwr Moss... A flamboyant, sociable character with many friends. 'He was killed by people he trusted,' police say

Mystery of journalist killed in flat

Duncan Campbell on the death of a travel writer and gossip columnist, murdered as he worked on his latest book

A STORY of "mystery and bad blood" was how the Tatler introduced a feature in its latest issue, a tale of a family feud at the home of the 10th Earl of St Germans in Cornwall. By the time the magazine was on sale, the author was himself the victim of mystery and bad blood: tied up and murdered in his flat in west London.

Robert Louis Tewdwr Moss — he added the Tewdwr when he started writing professionally — was a freelance journalist and travel writer who had worked on many of Fleet Street's gossip columns, and was writing a book on Syria for the publishers Fourth Estate.

His feet had been tied with television flex and his hands with a cord from his curtains. He was gagged with the belt of a towelling robe.

"It was a particularly nasty attack," said Detective Superintendent Brian Edwards yesterday. "He was killed by people he trusted."

Mr Moss, aged 34, was last seen alive at 9pm on Friday, August 23, by a man who lodged in the basement of his flat in St Mary's Terrace, Paddington. He had received telephone calls from friends and family members that evening, which indicated that he did not go out. He is believed to have been expecting a visitor. The last call was after 10pm. The lodger found his body on

the floor of his flat at 11.15am the next day. The house had been ransacked and drawers emptied, but as far as the police can tell only Mr Moss's laptop computer and printer and the lodger's portable CD player were stolen.

There was no sign of forced entry. Det Supt Edwards said he did not feel that Mr Moss's homosexuality was an issue. There have been a number of recent occasions in London when gay men have been tied up and robbed by young acquaintances. There was no sign of a struggle, indicating that he had been overpowered swiftly.

A flamboyant, sociable character, with many friends, Mr Moss, who had written for the gossip columns of the Sunday Times, Evening Standard and People, was working on a revision of his book, Cleopatra's Wedding Present: Travels in Syria, on the night he died. That work would appear to have been stolen with the computer. However, Mr Edwards did not feel there was any Syrian connection with the death, although Mr Moss had made a number of eccentric Syrian contacts during the course of his work. "I believe the motivation was robbery," he said.

A post-mortem last week indicated that he was asphyxiated by the gag. Further tests are being carried out. Mr Edwards said his in-

stinct suggested that more than one person was involved and that they either meant to kill Mr Moss or showed a "callous disregard" as to whether he survived.

The police want to hear from anyone who was near St Mary's Terrace, Paddington, last Friday night or Saturday morning and who may have seen something — possibly someone carrying property.

Mr Edwards urged journalists who had worked with Mr Moss to tell police what they knew about his life-style, friends and acquaintances. He wants to trace Mr Moss's movements over the past two or three months.

Obituaries, page 7

Radio 3 recalls sacked veteran

John Hazard

PETER Hobday, sacked from BBC Radio 4's Today programme because his interviewing manner was considered too polite and reflective, is to replace Paul Gambaccini as a presenter for Radio 3.

His appointment, announced yesterday, gives him sweet revenge on the down-marketing forces which 2,000 supportive listeners in the Save Peter Hobday campaign blamed for his dismissal. Mr Gambaccini, aged 67, is being phased out of his Radio 3 job from next month because listeners resented his "appalling" American vowels.

Mr Hobday, aged 39, who has more than 30 years of radio experience, will be one of three new presenters on Radio 3's Morning Collection. His colleagues, who have more experience with radio music, will be Catriona Young, who joined the BBC in 1978, and Penny Gore, who joined in 1988.

Radio 3's controller, Nicholas Kenyon, who had defended his appointment of Mr Gambaccini as a move to increase listening figures, said yesterday: "The format and content of Morning Collection has been a great success with our listeners. I am very pleased we have such a strong team of presenters to take the programme forward."

Anne Karpf writes in today's Guardian radio review: "What he meant was, 'I had no idea that you were going to hate him... You can't possibly object to this lot, so let's just forget the whole sorry business.'"

Mr Hobday and Mr Gambaccini were unavailable for comment yesterday.

THE BBC's director general, John Birt, yesterday said plans to turn its technical department into a free-standing commercial venture but denied allegations of privatisation. The move is part of a series of changes to streamline the corporation and exploit profit-making areas. The Resources Directorate, employing 900, provides technical facilities such as editing suites to independent broadcasters.

Anne Karpf, the Week, page 19

Stress fear as independent girls schools shine in GCSEs

Donald MacLeod
Education Correspondent

GIRLS schools dominated the top of the independent schools' GCSE results table published yesterday, as heads warned of the increasing stress of examinations on young people.

Jean Scott, head teacher at South Hampstead high school, London, where all the 94 children entered scored A* to C grades in every subject, and 33.8 per cent got A* — said pupils were sometimes under too much pressure, adding: "There is tremendous compe-

dition to get into university, and for over-subscribed courses like medicine and law."

At six other girls schools all candidates achieved A* to C grades — equivalent to the old O level — in every subject, while of a further 20 schools where the pass rate was 99.5 per cent or above, 14 were girls schools — reflecting girls' significantly better GCSE results nationally.

Independent schools also reflected the national improvement in GCSE results disclosed last week, with 198 out of 618 getting all their pupils to the benchmark of five A to C grades.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

NATIONAL STATE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR

(Ministerio del Interior)

Public, National and International Bid
No 01/96

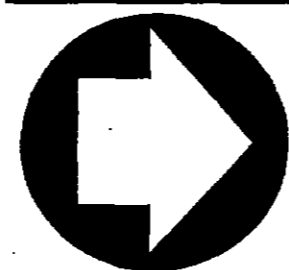
Full, indivisible contract of a service for the design, start up and support of a System of Migration Control and Identification of Individuals and of electoral information.

Interested parties may ask for information and purchase bid specifications of Subsecretaría de Población (Under Secretariat of Population) of the Ministry of Interior, at Avenida Leandro N. Alem 168 - 5° Piso - Capital Federal, from Monday to Friday from 12:00 noon to 4:00 AM as of the 30th day of August of the year 1996.

Value of the Bid Specifications: eighty thousand pesos (\$80,000).

Bids shall be received at the Subsecretaría de Población of the Ministry of the Interior, located at Avenida Leandro N. Alem 168 - 5° Piso - Capital Federal, until 12:00 noon of the 25th day of October of the year 1996.

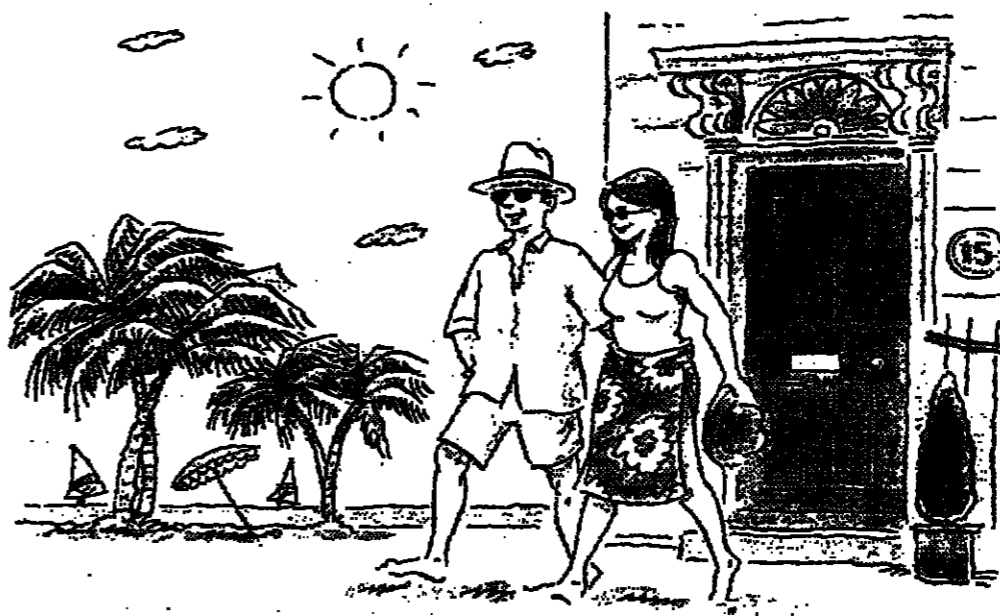
The opening of bids shall be carried out the same day at 1:00 PM at the Subsecretaría de Población of the Ministry of the Interior



It's a story which expresses a primal adult terror: the fear of one's children suddenly, inexplicably, disappearing. One can imagine parents telling it to each other in ages when children were commonly taken from them by illness and disease. Over the last month, it's a story that has become resonant again. Blake Morrison on the Pied Piper syndrome

The Week front

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هكذا من الالهي



The Belgian Thierry de Haan, who faces charges arising from police investigations of a paedophile sex gang, is led to court. PHOTOGRAPH: OLIVIER HOGLET

Child prostitution in a post-communist boom

Jon Henley in Stockholm

ON THE roof of North Station in Bucharest live about 20 children. Most have not yet reached their teens, some are as young as three. They play there, eat what they can scavenge and, when they have no client, sleep there. If it gets too cold, they sleep in the sewers.

These children are among the 600 living permanently on the streets of Romania's capital. At any one time, they may be joined by up to 1,000 more. The girls sell themselves for about a pound a time, or sometimes for a sandwich and a soft drink — in the station tunnels or nearby bushes.

The boys may be "luckier". Around 50 men from Germany, France, Italy and Britain have rented flats in Bucharest and visit regularly. A Frenchman called Michel is particularly popular. He installs boys in his apartment for weeks at a time, feeds them, clothes them and buys them presents. Sometimes he pays a retainer of about £700 a month — almost twice the national minimum wage.

police about their good clients, the foreign ones. They are old, old children.

For most people child prostitution means Bangkok or Manila. But researchers at the first World Congress Against Commercial Sexual Exploitation of Children say the business is now booming much closer to home.

"Across the region you see the same thing," said Christina Hagner, co-author of the first extensive report on child sex exploitation in eastern Europe, due to be published next month. An uncontrolled market economy has replaced the planned economy, living conditions have plunged and the social safety net has been ripped apart.

Interviewing police, social workers, civil servants, parliamentarians, health workers and children across eastern Europe, the report's authors uncovered abuse on a horrifying scale. The Lithuanian capital, Vilnius, has about 800 child street prostitutes, and 20 escort agencies provide minors. Riga, the capital of Latvia, has 463 registered sex clubs and an estimated 40-50 per cent increase in child prostitution in the last six months.

Belgium hardens abuse laws

Stephen Bates in Brussels

JEAN-LUC DEHAENE, Belgium's prime minister, attempted to restore his government's credibility yesterday in the wake of the child abuse scandal by announcing moves to increase penalties for sex offenders.

Mr Dehaene has been criticised for remaining on holiday in Sardinia during the last fortnight's revelations about the abduction of children by paedophiles allegedly led by Marc Dutroux, aged 39, a builder with homes around the city of Charleroi.

Amid public recrimination, the government has been accused of leniency towards Mr Dutroux, who was released early from a previous sentence for sex offences and is rumoured to have been shielded by people in authority, including politicians.

Confusion remains as Yeltsin backs Lebed

David Hearst in Moscow

AFTER a week of hesitation, President Boris Yeltsin gave his consent to the peace plan which his security adviser, General Alexander Lebed, began negotiating with Chechen rebels last night.

His decision was announced even as Gen Lebed waited for the rebel army's chief of staff, General Aslan Maskhadov, to reach their meeting point in Khasav Yurt on the Chechen-Dagestan border.

It was not clear exactly which plan Mr Yeltsin had agreed to and it fell to one of Gen Lebed's rivals, the prime minister Viktor Chernomyrdin, to claim that he, not Gen Lebed, was in constant contact with the president.

President favours single currency despite cost

Chirac and Kohl to hasten EU union

Paul Webster in Paris

JACQUES CHIRAC is to defy a high risk of social unrest over budget austerity and fly to Bonn tomorrow to tell Helmut Kohl that France's faith in a single European currency is stronger than ever.

The French president and the German chancellor are expected to make a new joint commitment to rapid moves towards economic union, which will anger French workers preparing for a "hot autumn" of strikes against government strategy.

But Mr Chirac has told French ambassadors that the country's economy is fundamentally strong and will enable it to meet the 1999 currency deadline, which depends on strictly controlled government spending.

In one of his most powerful speeches in favour of Euro-

pean solidarity since he was elected more than a year ago, Mr Chirac left no doubt about his belief that a single currency would rescue France from recession.

Speaking against a background of threats of worse street protests than last autumn against pay freezes, redundancies and welfare cuts, Mr Chirac said France would be ready for a single currency on time because it corresponded to the interests of all French people: "A single currency will pave the way for lower interest rates and more jobs."

His idea of Europe included the single currency, improved institutions, a common foreign policy and a joint defence system.

He said he was determined to fight the disillusionment and frustration that the European idea had aroused in public opinion. He promised to

use his influence to speed through the reforms being studied by the EU's intergovernmental conference, saying: "A setback will open up a serious European crisis."

The prime minister, Alain Juppé, asked the envoys to tell foreign governments that France had the desire and capacity to modernise and reform itself, despite resistance to a single currency.

"This is a political project which Germany and France will carry forward together," he said.

But his message that there would be no let-up in tough anti-inflationary measures could inflame internal opposition to the spending restrictions, which threaten to worsen the 12.5 per cent rate of unemployment. Despite a slight drop due to seasonal employment reported yesterday, France has nearly 3.4 million out of work, one of the worst records in Europe.

Loyal Serbs fear sabotage from top

Milosevic's Bosnian supporters suspect he is helping stack the cards against them in the elections, writes Julian Borger in Doboj

IT LOOKS like an election campaign: posters have been plastered over every available vertical space, bearing slogans and well-faded faces endeavouring to look both resolute and kindly. Two of the faces belong to notorious warlords — Arkan and Mladić.

So far the pair have not been indicted by the United Nations war crimes tribunal, so their participation is within the rules, and in the extreme political world of "Republika Srpska" seems unsurprising.

But two weeks before voting begins, something much stranger is happening in Bosnia's Serb homeland. The main challenge to the ruling separatist Serb Democratic Party (SDS) is expected to come from the republic's branch of the Socialist Party (SPRS), orchestrated by Serbia's president, Slobodan Milosevic.

The problem is that he seems to be doing his best to lose. The SPRS is running an election campaign of such incompetence even its activists suspect sabotage from the very top. Serbian pundits believe President Milosevic could only be making such huge mistakes on purpose.

The question is why. Incredibly, the SPRS is campaigning under one name, and is listed on ballot forms under another.

Its alliance with other left-leaning Serb parties is presented on posters and leaflets

what I find strange is that they keep changing under the other name.

The SPRS headquarters in Banja Luka issued a terse statement yesterday, saying the discrepancy was an administrative error and the party would keep the name SDS.

Milovan Stankovic, a retired colonel and newspaper proprietor, is the SPRS candidate in the central Bosnian town of Doboj. He laughs at the absurdity of the situation, but concedes it will damage party prospects.

Mr Stankovic commanded Bosnian Serb troops in Doboj, which is flanked by two fingers of territory controlled by the Bosnian army. It was the only Serb-held town to suffer shelling throughout the war.

Like many former officers of businesses who advertise in it have been ousted.

Mr Stankovic said he could withstand the pressure from the SDS if he had more financial help. "I am at the head of the SDS list for the region, and we have not got one penny from Belgrade," he said.

SOME THINGS IN LIFE JUST CAN'T BE EXPLAINED

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12.45, 2.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.30, 7.45, 9.00, 10.15, 11.30

RITZ 0181 235 3007
12.45, 2.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.30, 7.45, 9.00, 10.15, 11.30

AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Overview: August 24 - August 30

United States



The four-year-long soap opera that is the Clinton presidency took another unscripted twist this week just when Bill and Hillary (above) thought they finally had everything buttoned down. As four days of maudlin, saccharine, substance-free blather at the Democratic party's convention in Chicago drew to a

close, the curse of the Clintons struck again. Dick Morris, the White House's campaign guru, suddenly resigned after the "yellow" press revealed that he'd been revealing all, in every sense, to a woman called Sherry, not his wife. Clinton accepted the party's nomination anyway, promising that "the best is yet to come". What can this mean?

North Atlantic

Eighty-four years after the supposedly unsinkable RMS Titanic sank with the loss of 1,523 lives, a large chunk of its steel hull was briefly raised from the ocean floor 420 miles off Newfoundland as

American tourists paying up to \$8,000 each looked on. Then the cables snapped and it plunged back in to the depths. The recovery operation was abandoned until next year.

France

Just when President Jacques Chirac thought it was safe to take a holiday (one sneaked magazine photo showed him wearing shorts and pushing a pram in grandfatherly fashion), French union leaders were ganging up to warn of another autumn of industrial unrest. The main gripe is public sector spending cuts - but worries are also

growing about EU single currency targets. Ever ready to join a fight, French farmers herded their cows into Paris and searched British lorries for illegal meat imports - their daffy way of trying to restore confidence in the BSE-bothered beef market. As Walter Mondale might have said, "where's the beef?"



Sweden

Delegates to the first World Congress Against Commercial Sexual Exploitation of Children in Stockholm, including Bond star Roger Moore (right), spent the week horrifying each other with ever more harrowing tales of perversion and abuse of minors. As a consciousness-raising exercise, the conference worked fine. But it was unclear whether any

of the numerous proposals to protect children from, for example, Western sex tourists in the Philippines and Thailand would make a significant difference.



Russia

General Alexander Lebed, Moscow's answer to Rocky Marciano, had his granite jaw ever more tightly set as his attempts to bring peace to Chechnya were undermined by interethnic warfare in the Kremlin. Lebed's Chechen deal took Russian and Chechen soldiers

jointly patrolled the ravaged capital, Grozny. But back in Moscow, Boris Yeltsin - ill, under the influence, or sulking (no one knows which) - refused to talk to his pugnarious protege. But yesterday, Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin gave the plan a belated thumbs up.

India

Outlawed writers about their files as, after much mithering in Calcutta and the Vishva, Mother Teresa (right), the nun non-peregrina, emerged victorious from a bout with malaria and heart trouble.



Israel

If Bill Clinton is accident-prone, then Israel's rightwing prime minister, Binyamin Netanyahu, was simply prone after a week in which Palestinian frustration at his perceived foot-dragging on the peace talks and plans for new West Bank Jewish settlements finally boiled over into mass demonstrations. Britain and the EU blasted Netanyahu,

warning that the whole peace process could be undermined. Washington has also taken a dim view of Bibi's provocations on peace while the Arab nation from Damascus to Cairo glowers and plays 'I told you so' games. But as usual, division and confusion within Palestinian ranks were the Israeli leader's strongest card.

Zimbabwe



David Livingstone, legendary Victorian explorer (left), took a dive at the Victoria Falls when the Zimbabwean government (Robert Mugabe, prop.) ordered that a plaque on his statue there be removed. The

statue had described the itinerant Scot as a "liberator". Presumptuous, one presumes.

Bosnia

Bosnia-Herzegovina, whose election was arranged under the Dayton peace accord are due on September 14, stumbled unsteadily towards its date with democratic destiny. But municipal polls on the same day were

cancelled due to registration cheating by all sides. Nato is worried; the guys went out by Christmas.



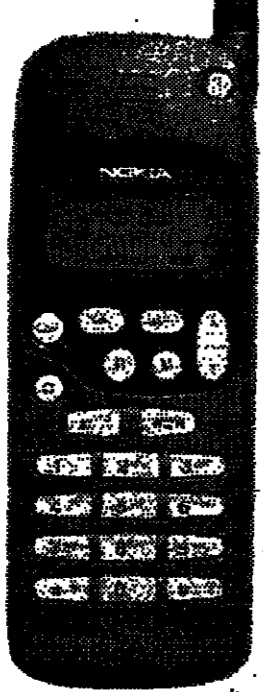
Part of the problem may be, that you work for a proprietor who combines a former colonial boy's resentment against the mother country with some deeply personal, almost psychopathic anxieties about adultery. The Princess of Wales catches it on both scores. There is also the element of misogyny, never far from the surface in Britain, which delights in making a beautiful woman suffer. Auberon Waugh snaps at the snappers

The Week page 16

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Turkey beats a path to the Arab world

Private view

David Hirst

WHEN Turkey signed a military agreement with Israel in February, many Arabs saw in it evidence of a deep-seated historic grudge, rooted in 400 years of Ottoman rule and the Arab rebellion during the first world war which ended it. Syria, the country most threatened by the agreement, called it a monumental "political sin". Turkey was sacrificing "eternal" bonds with its Muslim Arab neighbours for the sake of a transient relationship with the Zionist foe.

This month Turkey veered in the opposite direction. Necmettin Erbakan, the first Islamist prime minister of the militantly secular state which rose from the ruins of the Ottoman Empire, chose militantly Islamist Iran for his first foreign visit. It was more than symbolic. It was a slap in Washington's face from one of its most strategically located allies. In clinching a \$3 billion deal for the supply of Iranian natural gas, Mr Erbakan mocked America's "containment" of Iran - its main foreign villain - and its latest "anti-terrorist" legislation to authorise sanctions against foreign companies which invest in Iran's or Libya's oil industry.

In Tehran, he hinted at broader regional ambitions, proposing a four-nation summit of Turkey, Iran, Iraq and Syria to discuss the Kurdish problem, which bedevils them all. His next visit could be to Syria. Only three months ago Syria felt itself to be the target of Turkish sabre-rattling and subversion: now its Grand Mufti has, on President Assad's behalf, formally invited Mr Erbakan to Damascus. Meanwhile Mr Erbakan's new justice minister, Sevket Kazan, has been to Iraq, where Saddam Hussein - another villain to the United States - urged him to follow an "independent" Turkish policy. Mr Kazan replied that it was "obvious that the UN doesn't treat some countries, especially Muslim ones, in a

just manner" and was "silent about Israel's excesses, but imposes harsh sanctions on Iraq". Turkey, he said, would strive to get them lifted. The Arabs have been quick to see this as the start of the most dramatic shift in Turkish foreign policy since the foundation of Ataturk's republic. For decades, wrote one columnist, Turkey had been divorced from its natural environment - the Balkans, Caucasus, Central Asia, the Middle East - as it performed a military role as Nato's eastern bulwark. It had stopped seeing itself as part of the Middle East or the Islamic world, and its neighbours had stopped seeing it as one of them.

To the Arabs, the pact with Israel was final proof of how skewed Turkey's foreign priorities, if not its identity, had become. They believed a technical follow-up to the Israeli pact, and he has renewed the mandate for Provide Comfort, the Turkey-based Western aerial operation over northern Iraq, which he has revived in the past. Naturally, Middle East Islamists, gratified by this reinforcement of their ranks, want Turkey to go further. In Tehran, Ayatollah Khomeini told Mr Erbakan he hoped that "in due course" he would ditch the Israeli connection altogether. Despite ideological misgivings, Arab secularists have, on the whole, welcomed the Turkish upheaval too, for much the same reason that even the Marxists among them once welcomed Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamic Revolution. They saw the revolution as a colossal blow to a repugnant Middle Eastern order - and the ability of the US to preserve it - which the Arabs could turn to their advantage. They never did. On the contrary, in their pitiful obsession, Arab governments seem more than ever incapable of serious collective opposition to US policies which even the most pro-American of them privately abhor. So any attempt by a non-Arab Muslim state to distance itself from the US and Israel, while making friendly overtures to the Arabs, is held to be good news. Mr Erbakan, it is felt, might stir cringing Arab regimes to assert themselves, either by example or through the contribution of his regional initiatives. Significantly, Egypt was almost as appalled as Syria by the Turkish-Israeli agreement; and now Egypt, which is no friend of Iran's, is quietly content at Mr Erbakan's breach of US "containment". For Arab secularists, of course, it is US policies in the region that are the skewered ones; Turkey's have been largely derivative. Ironically, faced with Mr Erbakan, the Turkish secularists who uphold such policies have perhaps more in common with their Arab counterparts than they realise. His secular foreign minister, Tansu Ciller, welcomed the Iranian gas deal. And she would welcome even more the end of UN sanctions against Iraq, to which the US obsessively and unproductively clings at Turkey's economic expense.

Turkey no longer saw itself as part of the Middle East, and its neighbours no longer saw it as one of them

greater respect for Turkey for its Arab neighbours might have eased, if not solved, problems such as the Kurdish insurrection.

The disruptive potential of Turkey's new direction is great. After all, before he came to power, Mr Erbakan spoken scathingly of the European Union, and advocated Turkey's adhesion to an Islamic common market or Islamic Nato instead. He denounced the agreement with Israel, declaring: "When the Jews bomb our Muslim brothers [in south Lebanon], these people [Turkey's secular rulers] form an alliance with them and open Turkey to their planes." The question is how far Mr Erbakan can go without provoking a rebellion. Algiers-style, by the military guardians of the Ataturk tradition, which might be supported by the US. The Tehran visit was already something of a shock. But so far Mr Erbakan is treading carefully. This week he quietly accepted a

Postscriptum

Great Danes act natural in zoo-time goldfish bowl

TO ENCOURAGE humans to think more about their ties to nature, Copenhagen zoo gained two new inmates this week - a homo sapiens couple in a plexiglass cage. Henrik Lehman and Malene Botoff were placed beside lions, baboons, and other full-time zoo inhabitants. "It's all about trying to act naturally with people staring at us," said Mr Lehman, an acrobat, aged 35. "People look at how we live - what books we read, what we cook, what records we play." Their 320 sq ft habitat has a furnished living room, kitchen and bedroom. But some of their activities they keep private.

Rough justice A suspected Dutch mugger whose fingertip was bitten off by a print taken from the disconnected digit and arrested, Amsterdam police said this week. The suspect, aged 29, referred to the man who bit him as "the cannibal", the police said.

Meanwhile, a Florida man faces 40 years in prison after a jury found him guilty of trying to steal 22 rolls of toilet paper. Henry Stegney, aged 32 and homeless, was convicted of petty theft, but may fall under a local law prescribing stiff sentences for repeat offenders.

The Crazy One Ecuador's president, Abdula Bucaram, who campaigned as El Loco (the Crazy One), lived up to his nickname this week, according to reports from Quito. Less than three weeks after he took office, he made a gesture toward opposition congressmen that many considered obscene, saying: "I am going to give them the finger." During his campaign, he worried critics by taking off his belt and threatening to thrash the rich.



Spanish practices Thousands of people spent a day this week in the eastern Spanish village of Bunol pelting each other with armfuls of tomatoes in the annual tomato fight, the world's biggest tomato fight. The 60-year-old event, which leaves the streets ankle-deep in purple, attracts up to 20,000 people, and uses 100 tonnes of tomatoes. Meanwhile, 69 people were injured in a tug-of-war in Alcalá de Henares, east of Madrid. When the 690 competitors started pulling, the 455-yard rope snapped, burning hands and arms and causing some to faint.

Law majestic Ethnic Thais in Burma have been urged to replace their portraits of Thailand's King Bhumibol Adulyadej with those of General Than Shwe, chairman of Burma's State Law and Order Restoration Council, "to show patriotism", a Thai-based Burmese opposition group said this week.

Till the music stops More than 50 African musicians and dancers who took part in an arts festival in Brazzaville, Congo, said this week that they could not return home because the festival organisers, including the Organisation of African Unity, had not paid them. They expected payment at the end of the Pan-African Music Festival, but the organisers kept the money. Patience Masseki of the Zaire ballet group Shama-Shama claimed.

Compiled from agencies and correspondents' reports

Glowi from a



Julian Strykowski

Glowing images cut from a Polish fog

JULIAN Strykowski, who has died aged 91, was the pre-eminent chronicler and poet in prose of the intense Jewish life of the Polish borderlands, especially of the eastern marches now mostly absorbed into Lithuania, Belarus, and Ukraine — where so many of Poland's best writers have always come from. He wrote also, as many of his readers were surprised to learn near the end of his long life, from what would have been in the Poland of his time the borderlands of sexuality, producing at the age of 88, a novel, *Milczenie* (Silence), which, like Forster's posthumously published *Maurice*, openly proclaimed for the first time his homosexuality.

But then Strykowski, a Jew and for many years a committed communist, was always a problematic figure to his Polish contemporaries — too long and late a communist, and relatively late, too, in coming out as a critic of the regime. Two years ago, in an interview in *Gazeta Wyborcza* with his friend Adam Michnik, after *Silence* had been published, he seemed to conclude that the long suppression of his sexuality had been morally damaging, making spiritual and political

freedom peculiarly difficult for him. Perhaps there had been a clue to some of this 30 years earlier in the sentence from Proverbs which he made the epigraph for one of his best novels: Can a man hide fire in his bosom, and his garments not burn? He was born Pesach Stark. In Strykowski's novel *Prochobycy*, the little town between the steppe and the Carpathians immortalised in the fantastic stories of Bruno Schulz. Now Ukrainian, both places then were part of Franz Josef's Austria-Hungary, whose rule bore down less heavily on Poles and Jews alike than the harsher German and Russian occupations during the long years of partition.

"There's no Jew in existence who wouldn't wish him a long life and good health," says the Jewish cobbler of the Emperor. In Strykowski's novel *Austeria*, "... A pity he isn't a Jew. Then again maybe it's better that he isn't, he might not admit to being one. It's enough that he has a Jewish heart." Like Isaac Deutscher, Strykowski may have been, as he claimed, a "non-Jewish Jew" so far as religious observance and belief went, but like Deutscher too he combined a Jewish heart and memory with a long commitment to

Marxist beliefs. He had joined the party after studying Polish literature at the University of Lvov and was among those imprisoned by the Polish government in 1935-36. Almost immediately afterwards, most of the communist leaders, summoned or lured to Moscow, were imprisoned in the Soviet camps or murdered. He was able to test them at close quarters, after the Nazis retook Lvov. In 1941, and with other communists he retreated to Moscow where in the later years of the war he began the trilogy of novels of *szlachta* (smalltown) life before the Holocaust which will probably be his abiding memorial.

When he returned to devastated Warsaw in 1945 to work for the Polish News Agency, the process of disillusion had already begun which made faith unsustainable when it had to cope first with the execution of the Czechoslovak leader Rudolf Slansky, accused of Zionism, and then the revelations of Khrushchev's report on the realities of Stalinism to the Twentieth Party Congress.

Of his many novels, we have in English so far only *Austeria*, *The Inn*, the middle book of his trilogy of *szlachta* and borderland life, with its strange mixture of animosities and dependencies. It gives a fair sense of the quality if not the range of his gifts; there are others like *The Great Fear* and stories which deal with "my love affair with the Communist Party", and others still reflecting on Old Testament figures and episodes. *The Inn* also gives darkly

'Each character grows freely like a tree, without any pressure from me. If I bent it, the tree would break'

in the great Stalinist purge. Strykowski, whose original belief in communism was deeply rooted in his experience of the harshness of Galicia's legendary poverty, did not formally leave the party until 1966, after the philosopher Leszek Kolakowski was expelled. For years, he had "muddled" with communism and lived with it "like a hummer", but in the 1950s, "as a jobless teacher and a Jew, I harboured great hopes of the Soviet Union".

glowing pictures of that murdered Jewish world of the borderlands that elsewhere only survives to haunt us in a kind of tragic and magical half-life in the photographs of Roman Vishniac and the pages of a few other writers of Strykowski's quality like Isaac Bashevis Singer and Aharon Appelfeld.

One gets some sense of the sources of the liveliness of these pictures in an interview Strykowski gave in Warsaw shortly after the establishment of Poland's independence. No good asking for an explanation or summation of his art, he said: "I am a spontaneous writer, I do not construct or plan ahead of time. Whenever I begin a new page I never know what will follow on the next one. The fog gradually thins down and the story starts unfolding. Each of my characters grows freely like a tree, without any pressure on my part. If I bent it, the tree would break. It often keeps growing against my will."

His gift is not like the unique personal fantasy through which his neighbour Schulz saw the people of Drobovce, but he too knows, as Isaac Deutscher said of Chagall, that the life of the Eastern Jewish communities was shot through with a kind of surrealism. It breaks through often in this account of the coming of the first world war which was the beginning of the end for little towns like the one recreated here, above all as he shows us the queer innocence of the refugee troupe of Hasidic Jews that history deposits at the door of old Tag, the innkeeper, just before the Cossacks close in and the town begins to burn: "The tsaddik blinked, although the light was dim. His black beard, now grey from dust, covered his breast. He wore a wide-brimmed hat, a grey silk caftan, white stockings, and black shoes. Behind him the group of Hasidim quietly squeezed sideways through the open door. They burst into the room like a swarm of bumblebees, holding their hats with one hand so that they would not fall off, and with the other clutching one another as in a clutch. As if each of them were afraid to be left behind..."

Julian Strykowski, writer, born April 27, 1905; died August 8, 1996

Tewdwr Moss Man about the world

THE MURDER of Robert Tewdwr Moss, at the age of 34 but robbed literary London of one of its most colourful characters. There was a time when no literary gathering seemed complete without this tall, strikingly handsome figure, who was probably the last man in England under 70 to look stylish in a cravat.

Born in Congleton, Cheshire, his education was unorthodox, part of it undertaken at the girls' boarding school where his mother was a teacher. He graduated with a first in English from Bedford College, London and found his true métier as a journalist, adding together a vast range of publications ranging from the *Tatler* to the *People*. One minute he would be interviewing the Bishop of Gibraltar for the *London Evening Standard*, the next he would be in conversation with Aristonid Mappin for *Harpers & Queen*.

Many of those he met on journalistic assignments became friends, and the large tea parties he gave would gather together a vast range of people of all ages and backgrounds. He was also extraordinarily well-informed and resourceful. If you wanted to know the best place to buy exotic flowers or where to find all-male tangos, Robert was the person to tell you, in his mocking upper-class drawl.

His extensive knowledge of the Middle East bore fruit in *Cleopatra's Wedding Present: Travels in Syria*, which he finished just before his death. He was an intrepid traveller, bringing back from distant lands hilarious and alarming anecdotes which seem as fresh in print as they did in conversation.

Robert's nature was as romantic as his appearance. Careless of his hair, he was inclined to lose it to unlikely or unsuitable people, giving woefully comic accounts of his misadventures. He was never careless of his friends, and proved both imaginative and practical in his sympathy and support during their crises. He was devoted to his three cats and became involved in several animal welfare organisations. The impression he made on people was immediate and lasting, so that even those who had met him on a handful of occasions now feel that someone important has unaccountably vanished from their lives.

Peter Parker
Robert Louis Tewdwr Moss, journalist and travel writer, born December 29, 1961; died August 24, 1996

Letter

Bill Horner writes: I was intrigued by the obituary of 2001 suit pioneer Harold C Fox (August 24). Training in 1943 with the RAF in Canada I witnessed, on cross-border visits, Detroit police dragging blacks off street cars — and many were not wearing 2001 suits. Black Americans from the South working in Detroit factories were freer, more visible and had money. Anyone in a 2001 suit became an easy target for white resentment. Back in 1947 London I purchased at Cecil Gee a "drape shape" jacket, with well padded shoulders and long lapels. The joke of the day was: "I like your jacket" pity you left the hanger in."

Death Notices

KIRKPATRICK Patricia Anne, née Maclellan, died on 27 August aged 52. Cherished wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, sister and friend. Will miss a dearly loved wife, parent and sociator and a superb and dedicated teacher. Deeply mourned.

In Memoriam

HARRADINE David John, 1st September 1904, loved and missed every day.

Births

MUSGRAVE, On 16th August 1968 to Benjamin and Yvonne Payne at Chelsea and Westminster hospitals an adorable son, Ludovic Courtenay Jago.

Marriages

NASLAWWESTER (née Goodman), male and Cathy are pleased to announce their wedding at 5pm on Saturday, 31st August at Bromley Methodist Church.

Anniversaries

STIRLING Ruby Widdowson 19/10/20. Each gives pleasure - cherishing just makes sense. Please your announcement telephone 0171 733 4427 Fax 0171 733 4138.



'You fantasise your desires and paint them'... David Donaldson with his *Marriage Of Cana* PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN WATT

David Donaldson Dominant dreamer of Glasgow art school

FOR more than half a century Glasgow School of art was his home, first as tentative student, and later, during the halcyon pre-bureaucracy days, as dominant Head of Painting. David Donaldson, who has died aged 80, was one of the most important figures in post-war Scottish art. His outrageous sense of humour, mercurial personality and volatile temper combined with a virtuoso talent made him into a brilliant if idiosyncratic teacher.

Donaldson lived and breathed a passion for paint. His own work was both expressive, painterly and direct. Instinct and imagination were paramount and all his pictures convey a healthy sensuality. "You fantasise models and paint them," he once said. He loved painting beautiful women and did it superbly. "It's not difficult. You have to paint from beneath your navel. Perhaps it's the best compliment you can pay a woman."

His formal portraits were often less successful than his portraits of family and friends but he excelled in self-portraiture, where he either deliberately bared his portly body, (nude but for a strategically placed flower or comic parcel of fish and chips) — or, increasingly as time passed, he bared his soul, often showing a bleak, lonely face. This determined honesty coupled with an ability to poke fun at himself, was one of his most endearing qualities.

His rage to riches story, from Baptist foster child via Bohemian to Establishment figure with the title of Her Majesty's Painter and Limner in Scotland, contributed to his robust, cantankerous attitude. He was, to the end, a man whose chip on his shoulder was about the same size as his heart.

Despite his unconventional family background, his grandfather paid his fees when, at 15, he got to art school. There the school's director took Donaldson under his wing. By the third year he was painting portraits for £20. In 1936 he won the Director's prize and in 1927 a £50 travel scholarship, allowing him to

go abroad for the first time. He went to the Uffizi in Florence. It was a journey the 20-year-old never forgot, and was, he maintained, his key experience as a painter.

Donaldson's training in the 1930s was essentially academic. As his early works show, he was clearly a very talented student. His heroes were and remained the great European masters: Goya, Rembrandt, Michelangelo and Velazquez. Cubism and abstraction meant nothing to him. His subject matter was essentially traditional: still life, landscape, allegorical compositions, and of course the portraiture which made him famous. Ironically these

portraits began as a discipline: an alternative "talking still life". People provided a subject and a solution to loneliness. "Portraiture filled my day with a person."

Donaldson's Baptist upbringing and the bible stories he read as a child, charged his imagination. He took audacious liberties with fragments of Genesis or David's Seduction of Bathsheba; he updated Suzanna into a dark-haired little raver and Lot into a gant covering in the greenhouse pulling on his socks. In 1964 he even painted Jesus Walking on Loch Lomond. Many regard these religious allegories as among his most memorable pictures.

Despite many honours his aim was still "to paint with a Scottish accent". His 1984 retrospective exhibition, toured from Glasgow to London. Latterly Donaldson's diabetes restricted his work. However his 80th birthday was celebrated with a major exhibition in both Edinburgh and, currently, at Glasgow School of Art. In the book accompanying the show he speaks for himself in colourful style, full of wise words laced with wit and scurrilous repartee.

David Donaldson, portrait painter, born June 28, 1916; died August 22, 1996

Face to Faith For a priest it must never be safety first

Ken Leech

IN HIS book *A Theology of Auschwitz*, Ulrich Simon says that priesthood is "the office which ritually, inwardly and sacramentally shares the dying and rising of Christ." In the context of the concentration camp, when the priest is without status and function, without bread and wine, the sacrificial heart of priesthood is laid bare, its essential character exposed.

The priestly ideal used and converts the world of Auschwitz which the world of Auschwitz offers. Here the priest's sacerdotal dedication encounters the vacuum with self-sacrifice. The priest at the camp counts because he has no desires of self-importance and gives life beyond extermination.

Strange words in an era of managerial and professional models of ministry, but they speak more to me as a priest than the material coming from church bureaucracies. It was troublingly symbolic that it was on August 14 — the feast of St Maximilian Kolbe, the Franciscan priest who gave his life at Auschwitz to save another prisoner — that we learned of the murder of young priest Christopher Gray in Liverpool.

Anything one says in the aftermath of such an appalling death can seem trite and insensitive. But I am desperately concerned that the Church does not respond in the wrong way, by panicking into looking for safety and avoiding risk. I do not believe that is what Christopher Gray would want. Indeed, in his only published work, a collection of essays written with other priests, he wrote about the meaning of priesthood: "the supreme act of the shepherd is to lay down his life for the sheep" and spoke of priests called to "grow to be like Christ in their faithful service of their flocks even to the point of sacrificing their own lives".

Now that a little time has passed since Gray's death, we need to focus on what his example and inspiration teaches us. Yes, it is really important that priests, and other pastoral workers in vulnerable situations are given proper support, and this sadly often does not happen. But at the end of the day, we cannot completely prevent attacks, including fatal ones. The worst response would be to withdraw and make the clergy more remote from people and from danger.

Recently I rang a central London church and was given information (on a recorded message) about concerts, but nothing about pastoral care. I rang another parish and was told, on a Thursday, that the priest would not be available until Monday and his home number was unavailable. I almost said that I was dying and needed the last rites, but assumed I would be told to delay the process. Worries about security often seem to take precedence over pastoral and spiritual need.

I am appalled at the way in which many priests and ministers are buying into secular (often outdated) managerial models and are becoming increasingly difficult to contact (or should we now say "access") after 5pm. The concept of "professional ministry" has spread along with a fear of intimacy (to some extent due to the surfacing of sexual misconduct), and a concern with "boundaries" which has in some places brought any pastoral ministry of a more than superficial kind to an end. More pastors now hide behind Ansafaxes or secretaries, and increasingly live apart from their work in places known only to friends.

I HAVE hardly ever ministered in an area that could be called "safe". My pastoral ministry since 1964 has been in Hoxton, Soho, Bethnal Green, Notting Hill, and now Aldgate and Whitechapel. I have, apart from a few years, always lived "on the job". I am not likely to trivialise the problems. Many parish clergy are exposed in a way that social workers and other "professionals" whose home addresses remain "secret" are not. Vicarages and clergy houses, on the other hand, are public buildings. Calls at 5am are not uncommon. It would be irresponsible and cruel to ignore this history, and it is not surprising that the

Church should want to respond to it.

A recent well-intentioned report from the Church of England in London, *Knocking at Heaven's Door*, contains some appallingly bad advice. "Do not engage with callers on the doorstep." "Do not invite the caller inside." "Do not undertake a pastoral relationship". All this flies in the face of my own pastoral experience. There may well be people whom one should not invite inside, and the doorstep is not always the best place for pastoral encounters. But to give such blanket advice is irresponsible and ignores the fact that pastoral ministry occurs in odd places and at odd hours. Had I taken the advice in this report, much of my pastoral work would never have occurred.

Perhaps the real clue to this report lies in the words on the opening page which tell us it was put out by "Ecumenical Insurance". When pastoral theology is determined, not by the gospel, but by the Church Insurance company, we are in deep trouble. The Church dies, as the catholic anarchist Dorothy Day said, when security takes the place of the life and death of ordinary people. I am sure Christopher Gray would agree.

Ken Leech is an Anglican priest and community theologian at St Botolph's, Aldgate, London.

Weekend Birthdays



If actors are laboratory prototypes for contemporary human behaviour, then Richard Gere (47 today) is still in the experimental stage. The Gere looks great with that white frosting atop the teeth, the supervivul skin. But they haven't yet perfected the manner. Transmission problems. The Gere's humanitarian rather than the real thing. The Buddhist prayer beads on one wrist and the Rolex on the other. The trip to Tibet, with the tabloids of the nations blaring the Gere disappearance, while it's wobbling round Lhasa on a hired bicycle and mingling with nuns in the Holiday Inn's coffee shop, The Hard Yak Cafe. The full-page all-opp ad in the Times — the paper even a humanoid would have heard of — to proclaim the durability and steadfastness of the

marriage to Cindy Crawford which, shortly thereafter ended in divorce. The choice of parts, too — you don't want to risk a precious developmental model very often in unknown environments; in every internal affairs (where the Gere was amazingly plausible as an Iago of the LAPD) you need at least three First Knights where it can just glide and ride back to the lab, no adjustments needed.

Today's other birthdays: Serge Blanco, rugby footballer, 38; Prof Robert Hanbury Brown, astronomer, 80; James Coburn, actor, 68; Liz Forgan, former managing director, BBC network radio, 52; Clive Lloyd, cricketer, 52; Prof Sir Bernard Lovell, FRS, astronomer, former director, Jodrell Bank, 83; Van Morrison, rock singer, 51; Ed Moses, athlete, 41; Kzibak Perlman, violinist, 51; Shahar Sadeque, BBC governor, 54; Su Ye, Chinese writer and film editor, 47.

Tomorrow's birthdays: Sir Kenneth Bradshaw, administrator, Compton Varney Opera House Trust, 74; Yvonne de Carlo, actress, 74; Gloria Estefan, singer, 38; Gwynfor Evans, president, Plaid Cymru, 94; Margaret Ewing, Scottish Nationalist

In pole position for the prize

But what if Clinton lets it slip?

BILL CLINTON gave the commentators a hard time at the Democratic convention with an acceptance speech which proclaimed an age of hope but opened no new doors. It was all the harder because the only real news had come a few hours earlier, throwing an unwanted light on a much less salubrious part of the premises.

It is likely that today's one-dimensional, solely hedonistic "gay lifestyle" appeals to only a fraction of gays and lesbians. Even so, several of the gay weeklies (whose main advertising revenue comes from clubs, phonelines and soft porn videos) continue to create a hegemony that if you're gay and under 35, this is the "lifestyle" that you should adopt.

Positioning himself in the centre (though as the spectrum shifts this now occupies a position which formerly would have been regarded as well to the right of centre) Mr Clinton has adopted what may be an appropriate tactic corresponding with his own temperament. Rising above party politics strikes a chord with many Americans who feel that politics has sunk beneath them.

Mr Clinton was greeted with genuine rapture when his whistle-stop tour finally brought him to Chicago. Unlike the experience of many predecessors, his second half has been distinctly better than the first. He has hailed the Democrats a long way out of the abyss into which they fell at the mid-term elections.

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The crowning insult?

A relic best left alone

EVEN AS they warm their hands over what they profoundly hope is a rekindled feelgood factor, Conservative politicians are constantly aware of brushfires breaking out around the territory.

This is at a time when Scotland is still under the spell of Braveheart, Mel Gibson's account of its great national hero Wallace. Bruce, in a sense, carried on where Wallace left off. Wallace was sentenced, hanged, drawn, beheaded and quartered in London in 1305.

Strewed politicians, especially before elections, tend to take such things seriously. The SNP embraced Braveheart as a kind of recruiting sergeant for nationalism. And though at one time one might have expected the Scottish secretary Michael Forsyth to ridicule it, in fact he not only praised it, but attended the premiere wearing a kilt.

Letters to the Editor

Gay lifestyle with no content

IT IS a relief to me that an increasing number of gay commentators, including Peter Tatchell (Casting In, coming out August 29), find the political apathy and shallow hedonism that is encouraged by some aspects of today's gay "scene" a source of worry.

Many gay people, seemingly immersed in a "party" lifestyle, are effectively helping to perpetuate anti-gay discrimination by their complacency.

John Major's recent attack on the National Lottery Charities Board illustrated that his party remains willing to exploit homophobia. Meanwhile, the Labour Party has ditched (from the Road To The Manifesto) the few clear commitments to gay law reform that it held at the last general election.

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The time has come for a widespread realisation that al-

though some gay businesses are beneficial and community-related, many others are motivated solely by profit. John Jackson, Natal Road, London SW16.

PETER Tatchell castigates the gay community for their cynicism over our failure to gain an equal age of consent and other basic civil rights, but he is wrong to blame the commercialisation of the pink pound. Openly gay businesses are increasing in numbers and in the range of services they offer, and part of this success story is the economic power it provides our community. If we do not gain equality through moral argument, then we must use all the resources at our disposal to make our point, and that includes selecting where we are going to spend our disposable income. Stephen Coote, Eurolink Business Centre, Effra Road, London SW2.

THE saddest thing about Peter Tatchell's welcome note at gay consumerism is that this debate simply cannot happen in the gay press. A single company now strangles and misrepresents, serving advertisers rather than readers, gossiping instead of reporting. By and large we love it — they tell us how to improve our looks, how to stay young, where to drink and where to shop.

Most importantly, the post-political gay community is told how to look and act straight. At last, we can buy our way into normality. All we ever wanted was to be liked, and those camp queens or angry militants always rubbed way means the nice guys at Stonewall and The Pink Paper can win and dine with style and the rest of us can go down the gym or get our hair done. Ian Lucas, Bankside Close, Coventry, CV3.

COMMERCIALISM and consumerism are indeed superseding concern about civil rights in the gay community. The editorial policy of The Pink Paper, the only national weekly newspaper for lesbians and gay men, has changed from being a radical publica-

tion — like the old Gay News and Capital Gay. Most of it is now given over to entertainment and business news. As a gay man who has been involved in the lesbian and gay rights movement since the Homosexual Law Reform Society's campaign in the 1960s, I am appalled at this new trend. George Broadhead, Spring Lane, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, CV8.

I WAS one of the 200 people on the first Pride march 25 years ago, this year, I was amongst 400 times that number. The first march was conducted with passion and commitment, opposing the injustices gays face (it was also enjoyable). This year the demonstration was only a colourful parade with just six minutes devoted to politics.

At a time when everyone's civil liberties are under threat with the Criminal Justice Act, ID cards and video surveillance, sexual minorities are often targeted. We need to work together now before our rights disappear because we're too busy clubbing. Nettie Pollard, The Caledonian Road, London N7.

CHARLES Hendry (Mad about the boys and girls, August 27) has tried the old "young people have never had it so good" routine before, to both-formers in his High Peak constituency. Here in High Peak, one in four of those officially unemployed is under 25 years old. Our county's schools receive amongst the lowest funding per child from this government. The local FE college was forced into making mid-term cuts and teacher redundancies — all at a time when opportunities for our young people should be expanding. Those who do find jobs — like the Glossop school-leaver offered full-time work paying £1 an hour, or the young graduate who quit his job as a van driver because the vehicle was a death trap — are entitled to expect better.

Mr Hendry is still in his thirties, and about to become a father for the first time, so it is not surprising that he sees the world through desperately optimistic eyes. However, he will not see this romantic vision become a reality as long as his party is in government. Tom Levitt, 32 Bath Road, Buxton, Derbyshire SK17 6HL.

CHARLES Hendry MP is right to be proud of Britain's youth and its opportunities. The TUC and the Labour Party have to explain how a minimum wage would help younger workers. The reality is that it wouldn't, as any economist A-level student could tell you. A minimum

Only youthful horizons

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Crude in the campaigning

CHRIS Davies (Letters, August 30) expects an apology from Peter Mandelson for the Labour Party's campaign in last year's Littleborough & Saddleworth by-election. I would point out that the rest of the country was enlightened during the election by seeing, possibly for the first time, the local campaigning style of the Liberal Democrats. Both there and in Rochdale, in national and local elections, the campaigns are offensive, misleading and an insult to the electorate.

Positioning himself in the centre (though as the spectrum shifts this now occupies a position which formerly would have been regarded as well to the right of centre) Mr Clinton has adopted what may be an appropriate tactic corresponding with his own temperament.

OVER the years, Austin Mitchell has not infrequently brought a touch of humour to politics (Style debate sterile, says Blair, August 30). Indeed, Austin's approach to politics has changed but little since student days. In Labour Party terms, his New Statesman article has no direct importance. As a weekly it has long since ceased to have any political relevance, probably most party members are unaware that it still exists.

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Tales of love and censorship

LOLITA, the novel, the film by Kubrick or the remake by Schiff is not about "love". Your libertarian attitude (For Love of Lolita, August 28) fails to take into account the power relations between the male adult and the female child. Sexual consent must be freely given on the basis of knowledge, understanding and equality of relationship. I cannot conceive of a situation where children and adolescents could have such understanding. Male sexuality is celebrated as uncontrollable in Lolita and it is this particular aspect that makes the film so disturbing. It is this particular aspect that makes the film so disturbing. It is this particular aspect that makes the film so disturbing.

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No knife-point diplomacy

THIS morning while I was recovering from being overwhelmed by emotion, having just become a dad for the second time I bought The Guardian to relax. It was amusing, however, when I came to the article (Women detained after hijack released, August 29) on the hijacking of a Tanzanian airline in 1982 at Stanstead Airport.

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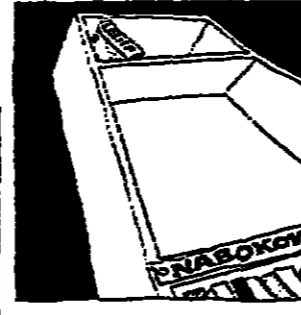
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Cutting bread

YOUR leading articles (A monarchy in trouble, August 20 and A monarchy in trouble — part two) border more on wishful thinking than reality. It would seem that if the British monarchy proposes change, it is in trouble. If the Hashemite monarchy take action, it is also in trouble. If neither takes any action, then they are in even deeper trouble.

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Channel 4's hurrah for the eighties

MAGGIE Brown accuses me of "sounding like an eighth man" for not recognising Channel 4 as using "a restricted (sic) range of the broadcasting spectrum without paying a price for the privilege" (Fear and groaning at the BBC, G2, August 28).

he paid directly by the viewer. Channel 4 delivers public service television without public money. It is a test case to shareholders. That was the result of the 1981 Broadcasting Act, an act which had been the result of the 1981 Broadcasting Act, an act which had been the result of the 1981 Broadcasting Act.

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wage would push up wage costs and reduce employment opportunities. Michael Hall, 35 Stubbs House, London SW19 4DY.

HENDRY is refreshingly optimistic. I have just graduated from university. I spent my gap year teaching in China. I have also visited the former Soviet states of Armenia and Nagorno Karabakh on a human-rights mission. There are opportunities that no previous generation of 18- to 22-year-olds ever had. Ben Rogers, St Edward's Chantry, Blunston, Dorset SP7 6BA.

CHARLES Hendry claims that we can't afford a minimum wage while simultaneously suggesting that young people in part-time or temporary work earn such massive wages that they can "rarely manage to enjoy their social life". Maybe if they live with their parents. But how can someone on £2.50 to £3 per hour or less earn enough for rent, food, and to have a social life?

There may be record numbers of young people entering higher education, but at the end they face an uncertain future, saddled with debt. According to him "the leisure menu has never been more appetising". The truth is that millions of young people can only stand outside the restaurant and drool. Jean Bales, The Broadway, Bally, Doncaster DN4.

CHARLES Hendry MP is right to be proud of Britain's youth and its opportunities. The TUC and the Labour Party have to explain how a minimum wage would help younger workers. The reality is that it wouldn't, as any economist A-level student could tell you. A minimum

A Country Diary

GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Over a five day period on the limestone plateau which lies to the east of us 200 feet higher up the scarp, the grain harvest was rapidly completed. The timing was perfect, for heavy rain had fallen since. But all that remains in the stubble fields are the great circular bales of straw which modern agricultural machinery makes of the grain stalks rather than the brick shapes of old. They await tractors with the long front spike attachment to lift them for transport home. It was impressive to watch the speed with which, almost as if by signal, the arable farmers on the plateau started the harvest. An extended period of sun and wind ripened the grain, the moisture gauges must have confirmed, from a trial handful, that the harvest was on and the great combine harvesters moved into the fields. With power ratings up to 3,000 horsepower the speed at which a combine can move round a field ejecting a constant stream of golden grain into the side bins is remarkable. I fell to reflecting on the human labour and horsepower which

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Lights, camera, anaesthetic, incision



Mark Lawson

IN A recent poll, American television viewers were asked which fictional television doctor they would most like to remove their appendix. They chose Dr Mark Lawson of ER. The actor who pretends to be him, Anthony Edwards, spoke rather stiffly about people not understanding the difference between medicine and showbiz. The collision between medicine and showbiz is one of the central trends of our time and Everyday Operations merely its most noteworthy

manifestation. The junior health minister, Geoffrey Howe, was granted his injunction because of worries about permissions — a fear that the patients may have been, as it were, stitched up — but it is clear from his comments that Mr Malone also has objections in principle.

For him — and for pundits who have taken the same line — there are two primary objections: that operations have no place as entertainment and that doctors, who were reportedly paid by the video-makers, should not be involved in commercial exploitation. How can these people make either case with a straight face? Where have they been for the last 15 years?

Body-carving as drama has become one of television's most popular genres. Some opponents of the National Health splatter video complain that hospital fact is being marketed as medical soap opera — turning casualty into Casualty for a paying public. The willingness of doctors to participate in such a video should also cause little surprise. The quick and the ham have long overlapped. Early surgery was usually performed to an audience of physicians and interested bystanders, for a combination of education and novelty, such

that English medical jargon still calls the place where operations take place a "theatre". Equally, it has always been part of the normal process of medicine that the patients die while the doctors became immortal, at least in name. Parkinson, Huntington, Alzheimer, Creutzfeldt and Jakob have become as familiar to the sick and the hypocondriac as their local railway stations.

But medical celebrity of that kind requires long years in the laboratory. In modern times, society has created a fast stream for the doc who wants to be hot: television and the press. Professor Robert Winston's efforts as impregator to the nation earned him a peerage but also, quite as significantly, that other contemporary medal of validation, a peak-time TV series, Making Babies, which gave a new twist to the expression about

family entertainment. Dr Hilary Jones and Dr Mark Forster were, courtesy of television and newspapers, from being low-paid GPs to high-earning media celebrities.

The concept of the celebrity doctor is so far advanced that in this summer's fertility publicities — the mother who aborted one twin, the woman carrying eight implanted embryos — the presiding physician has stepped efflorescantly into the flashlights. The doctor to the putative couplets even posed for newspaper photographs with the expectant couple, in a ghostly contemporary refinement of the family portrait which brought to mind an illustration in a book on zoology. So is it any wonder that the country's surgeons proved so keen to show the public a little of the man behind the mask?

And may worries that the Government may have about private financial transactions with the surgeons featured on the tape seem particularly hypocritical. It is reportedly common in Tory-encouraged private medicine for the patient to be offered a video of the procedure for a small fee. For doctors to sell the video rights in their patients to an outside company seems well in line with the market reforms imposed on the NHS.

The reaction of the junior health minister and many commentators has been that this surgical nasty represents a ray of aberration of taste, which must be checked if the video shocks are not soon to shock Amazing Autopsies, starring John F Kennedy, Robert Maxwell and the victims of TWA flight 800.

Everyday Operations, though, is a logical result of the everyday operation of government and culture. An administration which has spent years urging doctors to become money-conscious and cost-efficient tends to court to take out an injunction against a product which results largely from hospitals and doctors heeding such bottom-line advice. The BBC — whose news programmes reacted with malish horror to the prospect of the video — tonight begins a season of programmes exploring the 50th anniversary of the NHS, featuring replays of some of the best-loved televised incisions and suction from its own vast operation archive. A fertility doctor faced next week with a mum who wants to pick-and-mix among her triplets or take a punt at a record 10 live births knows that he is guaranteed his place in the media sun. Surgery has no place as showbiz? Cut it out.

The French are finding it hard to give up Gaullist habits of economic intervention, reports MARK MILNER in Paris, as ALEX DUVAL SMITH charts the impact on industry and workers

Costs of the ancien regime

STATIST meccano is just one of the soubrignets attached to France's traditional corporate structure — a network of cross shareholding and directorships linking banks, insurers and industrial groups run by a grandes-écoles educated élite and backed by a strong strand of government intervention.

Alain Madec, head of strategy at oil group Total, sees it differently. The shape of corporate France has been dictated by the need to develop "capitalism without capital".

"The main characteristic of French capital, in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon [model] is the lack of long-term savings, which comes from the restructuring of the pension system after the second world war," he said.

France's decision to opt for a pay-as-you-go system means it lacks the private pension funds that provide a large chunk of the institutional stock market investment in, for example, the UK and the US. French savings tend to end up in shorter-term money market funds and bonds.

That is fair enough, but the "statist meccano" jibe has an uncomfortable element of truth in it. State involvement in industry has a long history in France. Think of Louis XIV and his finance minister, Jean-Baptiste Colbert. Despite several waves of privatisation — the first in 1986/87, the latest still ongoing — state ownership remains very significant.

Indeed, companies quoted on the French stock market account for only about a third of French gross domestic product, compared to rather more than double that figure in the US and Japan. The rest is largely France's powerful

array of family firms and the state. How much the state could do to change that situation can be judged by France Telecom.

Jean-François Theodore, chairman of the Paris Bourse (stock market), reckons that floating France Telecom would increase the quoted company to GDP ratio by at least five percentage points.

State ownership does not command the support it once did. "The principle of state ownership of competitive companies is an anomaly," according to Francis Henrot, a member of the managing board at Groupe Paribas and one of the authors of the Vienot report on corporate governance, which was published last year.

It is not simply that as shareholder, the government's top priority has not been shareholder value. It has also been criticised for starving them of cash and then casting them off, ill-prepared, into the private sector.

But while the government may be prepared to roll back the frontiers of state ownership — not least for the revenues that privatisations bring — it is still prepared to intervene industrially. It is heavily involved, for example, in putting together the defence groups Aerospatiale and Dassault — a development dismissed by Olivier Cadot, assistant professor of economics at the INSEAD business school as "the meccano at its worst".

Mr Cadot is worried that the Chirac administration will bring back the traditional, interventionist Gaullist approach to industry. "We are seeing Gaullist policies in areas of foreign policy, security policy, industrial policy — it is a huge setback." — Not everyone agrees. Some



State of unease... La Défense's corporate culture is 'capitalism without the capital' PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK MARTIN

argue that the state has a role to play in the Aerospatiale-Dassault affair because it is the biggest customer of both companies. As to the more general Gaullist rhetoric, that is seen as an effort to soothe French anxieties about what is happening to the traditional system as the result of outside pressures, with the administration talking all the more loudly because of its in-

creasing impotence in the face of those pressures.

One of the engines driving change is the increasing presence of foreign investors in the French market. They now account for about 35 per cent of the capitalisation of the Paris stock market. Though the most recent spectacular shareholder rows in France — Suez and Navigation Mixte last year, the small sharehold-

Divine right of Chirac leaves aircraft firms cursing union

D RAGGED to the altar for a forced marriage with the loss-making Aerospatiale, the profitable family-owned fighter plane builder Dassault Aviation felt the full force of Gaullist-style industrial intervention earlier this year.

President Jacques Chirac decreed on February 21 that the two aircraft builders should unite, as part of a restructuring programme aimed at leading France closer to Nato and at putting its defence industries on a competitive footing with international conglomerates.

But to Serge Dassault, the 71-year-old head of a private company which last year made profits of Fr 288 million (£36 million), the marriage with Aerospatiale, the Airbus builder which in the same year lost Fr 981 million, seemed a case of high treason.

Mr Dassault took out full-page newspaper advertisements boasting the merits of his company's Rafale fighter aircraft.

The message directed at the Gaullist president was clear: if Mr Chirac looked closely at old family photo albums he would find snaps of himself sitting on the lap of Marcel Dassault, Serge's father and predecessor.

Not only that, but Mr Chirac's father had been employed by a Dassault subsidiary.

Serge Dassault felt he had done more than was expected of him under Gaullist rules.

Not only had his company been a generous donor to the Gaullists, but Mr Dassault had won for the party in a municipality ruled by the Communists for 40 years.

True, Mr Chirac had returned favours. The Fr 100 billion Rafale was developed in the late 1980s

after pressure from Mr Chirac, then prime minister. In 1986, under the standard government prerogative of influencing key industry appointments, Mr Chirac had overruled his own defence minister's objections to Serge succeeding Marcel, who had just died.

The aides-mémoire of the newspaper advertisements were, however, only a last-ditch attempt by Mr Dassault to keep the company in the family.

Sensing, last December, that a wind of change was about to blow apart his company's tangled web with France's rulers, Mr Dassault entered into a co-operation deal with British Aerospace.

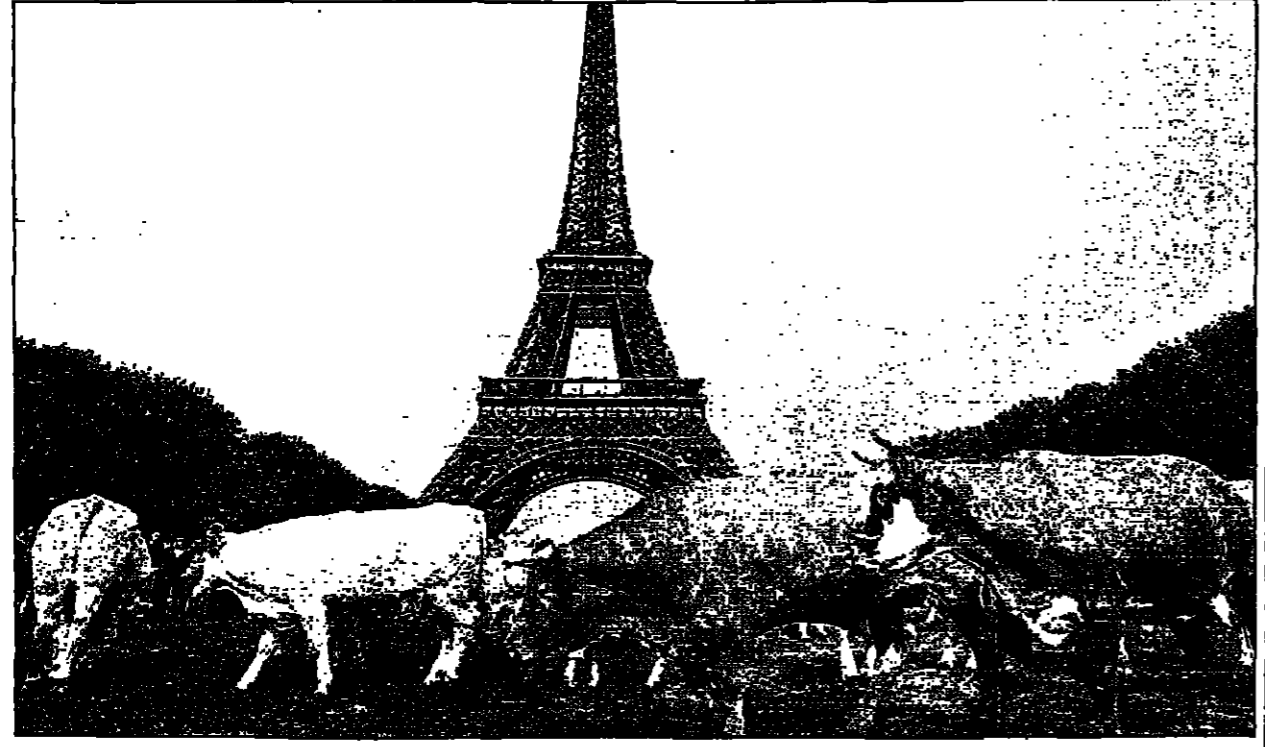
Europe's fragmented defence industry has been looking at ways of cooperation for some time — both via joint venture projects and closer corporate links — in order to meet the challenge of the big US firms.

But Mr Chirac favoured French deals. Bringing to bear Gaullist pride, he wanted new French conglomerates which would be capable of challenging the international competition.

By June 25, a full merger plan had been hammered out and both parties promised their joint operation would be up and running by the middle of 1997.

Under the agreement, Aerospatiale's Fr 49.2 billion turnover and Dassault's Fr 9.8 billion turnover created a conglomerate worth nearly Fr 60 billion — more than British Aerospace or Germany's Daimler, if not comparable with the huge US aircraft builders.

In France, it was just another occurrence of the untranslatable everyday term, "la raison d'Etat" — a republican version of divine right.



Taking the Eiffel tour... Marginalised farmers yesterday used stock to make their point PHOTOGRAPH: PHILIPPE WOLJAZER

Insecurity may quell backing for autumn of discontent

FRENCH unemployment fell by 20,000 last month but, with the headline rate unchanged at a record 12.5 per cent, the continuing high level of joblessness may dampen enthusiasm for a widely expected autumn of industrial unrest.

The fall in unemployment came as union leaders called for a new strike movement next month to rival that which paralysed much of France last December.

However, several militant unions, including teachers, are known to favour settling a dispute over job cuts behind closed doors.

With future job losses expected to be concentrated in the private sector and the defence industries, which face up to 30,000 lay-offs in the next 10 years, many of this autumn's protests are likely to be piecemeal and based in the French regions.

Nevertheless, unions are in-

tent on recreating the Paris-organised dynamic which paralysed the country last winter. This could come as a knock-on effect of a workers' demonstration called for September 22 and from a joint day of action which teaching unions hope to stage.

Government opponents believe the dynamic is already in place, following two demonstrations over the heavy-handed treatment of 300 immigrants, evicted from a Paris church by police using axes.

On the other hand, the police action earned President Jacques Chirac an immediate three-point rise in

ment in industrial fields linked to their business," according to Mr Theodore.

Guy Longueville, a senior economist at Banque Nationale de Paris, has his own theory about why at least some cross-shareholdings may be unwound. "In the seventies and eighties, the banking sector was more profitable than the non-financial sector, and during this period the banking sector entered into the industrial sector." Now the industrial sector is the more profitable of the two, the banks may look for the exit route as far as their industrial holdings are concerned.

An increase in prices on the Paris market might also help in making it financially more rewarding to unwind the cross-shareholdings. Mr Theodore is among those who believe the days of the network of the stock market might also help in making it financially more rewarding to unwind the cross-shareholdings. Mr Theodore is among those who believe the days of the network of the stock market might also help in making it financially more rewarding to unwind the cross-shareholdings.

Some may even be learning to love the new approach. "Many companies are turning to the idea of suppressing cross-shareholdings, not necessarily only because of pressure from institutional investors, but also because they think it is profitable to have their equity in direct invest-

they did not even have to say whether they were complying. The point is given added weight when, as Mr Henrot acknowledges, "the culture of self-regulation is not, by far, as rooted in French culture and behaviour as it is in the UK, for example."

The report itself stresses the differences between French capitalism and the Anglo-Saxon variety, contrasting the latter's emphasis on "enhancing shareholder value" with the French focus on the company, which it defined as "a separate economic agent, pursuing its own objectives which are distinct from those of shareholders, employees, customers creditors and suppliers."

Mr Henrot reckons too much significance can be attached to the apparent differences. Over the long term, the

Arnaud de Bresson at Paris Europe, a body aimed at developing Paris's position as a financial system, believes there has been a cultural change. Five years ago, he says, the French wanted to retain a Gallic element in any changes. Now "we are more pragmatic, proof that we are going in the Anglo-Saxon market way."

Many in France believe that the development of pension funds will be a significant force in the restructuring of capitalism, and will do much to sweep away the legacies of the past.

However, Mr Madec suggests that they may be more important in terms of corporate equity capital.

Mr Cadot, however, is not convinced that the corporate sector can be relied upon to put its own house in order. He compares the French corporate élite around 30 of whose members are facing judicial examination — to the medieval French chivalry that went down before the English longbow at Agincourt. It is anarchy, he says, in a play on the initials of the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, where many of its members were educated.

"If there is to be change, it is not going to come from within the élite."

The pay-as-you-go pension system means France lacks the private funds that fuel institutional stock market investment in the UK or US

interests of company and shareholders are unlikely to differ, he says. And he notes the Paris Bourse authorities have decided that, from next year, the annual reports of listed companies will have to show some degree of compliance with the Vienot recommendations.



So what's the problem now? PHOTOGRAPH: PHILIPPE WOLJAZER

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MILE EYE



City workers on the move at Broadgate. Going to lunch? Or are they striding out confident of clinching a multi-million pound deal? This photograph concludes David Sillitoe's portfolio of summer scenes in the Square Mile

Future of Winchester in doubt as main brokerage business closes • 'Adverse publicity' blamed

Copper trading arm shuts

UNCERTAINTY last night surrounded the future of Winchester Commodities Group, the main parent arm, had failed to present its accounts to Companies House on the expected date, although they were not formally overdue.

The company had suffered a major downturn because of unfavourable changes in the copper price. Winchester yesterday also blamed adverse publicity for contributing to its problems.

The group's managing director, Stephen Heath, said: "Post-the Sumitomo affair, the level of overall business in the metals market has been very low, and I believe that a number of other players in the metals market are also looking at a retrenchment."

"Specifically, as regards Winchester, the continued adverse publicity that the company has had... has damaged severely customer-client relationships and also damaged staff morale."

herage arm follows weeks of speculation. Winchester Commodities Group, the main parent arm, had failed to present its accounts to Companies House on the expected date, although they were not formally overdue.

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"Specifically, as regards Winchester, the continued adverse publicity that the company has had... has damaged severely customer-client relationships and also damaged staff morale."

The company has been the subject of intense scrutiny since the Japanese firm of Sumitomo in June announced that it had discovered an alleged fraud of \$1.8 billion and sacked its "rogue trader", Yasuo Hamanaka.

The Serious Fraud Office and City of London police subsequently announced that they were launching a full investigation into possible British links with the losses made on the Japanese market.

Winchester is among the companies which have been scrutinised, and the Hampshire homes of the company's co-founders, Charles Vincent and Ashley Levett, were recently raided by police.

Leading traders yesterday appeared to have been expecting the Winchester closure. Gary West, a trader at Worcester, Ltd, said: "We knew they'd been scaling down, and there had been plenty of rumours in the market that certain people had been leav-

ing, so it's not that unexpected. But I think this is less down to the Sumitomo debacle than down to the fact that Charlie Vincent and Ashley Levett no longer have anything to do with Winchester on a day-to-day basis — they were Winchester."

The outlook for the metal price has been made more uncertain because of a strike in Chile, which is the world's largest copper producer. Industrial action yesterday drove copper futures in New York to their highest price in more than two months.

Copper for December delivery — the active contract — surged as much as five cents to 95.70 cents a pound on the Comex division of the New York Mercantile Exchange. That is the December contract's highest price since June 13. The September contract, representing the contract closest to expiry, rose as much as 6.70 cents to 97.20 cents a pound, the highest since June 19.

Countdown to closure

May 1991 — Company formed by Charles Vincent and Ashley Levett, former employees of metals broker DLT. DLT closes down — but not before DLT boss David Threlkeld alerts London Metal Exchange to suspicious activity by Sumitomo "rogue trader" Yasuo Hamanaka.

June 1993 — Winchester makes biggest ever metals market transaction with Sumitomo, involving more than 1 million tonnes of copper, codenamed "Raid".

Sept 1994 — SFA starts inquiry into Winchester.

Jan 17, 1996 — Vincent named as earning £15 million a year. Details of SFA inquiry revealed.

Feb 2, 1996 — Winchester applies for judicial review of SFA inquiry.

Apr 15, 1996 — Vincent

quits Winchester, moves to Monte Carlo.

May 13, 1996 — SFA decides to take no action.

Jun 5, 1996 — Hamanaka admits hiding losses to Sumitomo bosses.

Jun 13, 1996 — Guardian reports that details of a huge market-tipping scandal are about to break. SFA says it is "closely watching" LME.

Jun 14, 1996 — Sumitomo admits losses of \$1.8 billion on copper trades. Hamanaka disappears.

Jul 4, 1996 — Vincent & Levett break silence in Monaco. "No scandal here."

Aug 8, 1996 — Serious Fraud Office raids Hampshire homes of Vincent and Levett.

Aug 30, 1996 — Winchester Brokerage says it is "scaling down" activities.

Apr 15, 1996 — Vincent

Weinstock ends reign in style with £9bn deal

Simon Beavis, Roger Cowe and Mark Miller

LORD Weinstock, the man who ends a 33-year stint at the head of GEC next week, pulled one last deal out of the bag yesterday when it was announced that the Anglo-French joint venture GEC-Alsthom is studying a £9 billion merger with France's nuclear reactor builder, Framatome.

The industrialist has dreamt of adding an atomic power arm to the GEC-Alsthom power engineering and train-building venture, which is one of the three pillars of the GEC empire.

The go-ahead came late on Thursday when the French government informed Alcatel Alsthom, which once controlled Framatome but now owns a 44 per cent stake, and its partner GEC that it would consider a bid for the reactor builder.

With GEC ready to make concessions to head off a City revolt over the remuneration of Lord Weinstock's successor, George Simpson, and with the prospect of further mega-deals, an eventual last week for the GEC managing director seems assured.

Should a bid for Framatome go ahead, GEC-Alsthom will have to reach agreements with a range of French state-owned concerns. These include the CEA state holding company which owns 36 per cent of Framatome, Electricité de France with 11 per cent and the troubled bank Credit Lyonnais with a 4 per

cent. Observers believe the bank could sell out to raise some desperately needed cash. Framatome staff also own 5 per cent of the group.

A merger would boost GEC-Alsthom's staff numbers to 30,000 and produce combined sales of around £15 billion (£9 billion). But a deal, which could take months to agree, could also spark a wider reorganisation of the power engineering sector.

Framatome, which has built France's army of pressurised water reactors now producing 75 per cent of French electricity, has links with Siemens of Germany to tap East European markets. GEC is aligned with Westinghouse of the US in building Britain's Sheswell B PWR in Suffolk. The joint venture with the French is a strong profit earner for GEC and provided nearly half of the company's £2.5 billion cash pile at the end of March. The prospect of boosting the venture pushed GEC shares up 5p to 385.5p.

GEC believes that the market for nuclear stations — which has shrunk dramatically in the 10 years since Chernobyl — will revive early in the next century in Europe and the Far East.

The French government's desire to push its privatisation programme appears to have qualified worries about Framatome falling out of state control.

Mr Simpson will take over from Lord Weinstock after the meeting, but some shareholders are threatening to vote against his appointment.

BNFL loses £88m with 'tax bomb'

Simon Beavis, Industrial Editor

BITISH Nuclear Fuels yesterday insisted it had overcome technical problems at its controversial £2.76 billion Thorp reprocessing plant in Cumbria as it announced that a huge tax provision sent it plunging to an \$88 million loss last year.

The group also disclosed that it expected profits to be denied in the current year because of operational problems with recently-privatised British Energy reactors and a refurbishment of Magnox reprocessing facilities.

Launching BNFL's annual

report, the chairman, John Guinness, said the company stood by forecasts that Thorp would make \$500 million of profit in its first 10 years.

However, the company confirmed that the start-up of the plant, which separates used fuel into reusable plutonium, uranium and waste — has been slowed by technical glitches. After two and a half years, 200 tonnes of fuel has been put into the plant, but it appears that only about half has been fully reprocessed.

BNFL does not expect to have to increase emissions from the Thorp plant, although it was "too early to say" whether future studies of its decommissioning work

would involve higher emissions for Sellafield as a whole.

A generous contract regime for Thorp means that it is already contributing about a third of BNFL's total sales, which were up 18 per cent last year to £1.55 billion. The company refused to break down profits from the plant, but about a third of sales were also exports.

At the operating level, profits were up 46 per cent to £316 million, but this was transformed into a £88 million loss by an exceptional £356 million deferred tax provision and £48 million of other tax charges. This year's profits are expected to fall below £300 million, thanks to a fall

in demand and a closure of at least 30 weeks for the refurbishment of the Magnox reprocessing plant.

BNFL said that the negotiation of £18 billion of reprocessing contracts with British energy and state-owned Magnox Electric had allowed it to take a more precise view of its future tax liabilities.

BNFL is set to take control of Magnox by April 1998. However, it is still calling on the Government to provide security for Magnox's huge liabilities. "The Government knows it can facilitate [the merger] taking place, just as it facilitated the privatisation of British Energy and British Coal," Mr Guinness said.

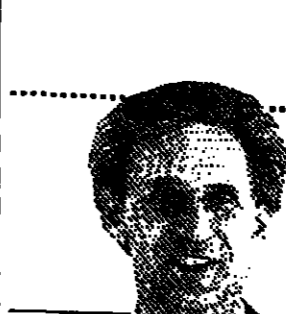
TOURIST RATES — BANK BELLS

Australia 1,000	France 7,515	Italy 2,328	Singapore 2.14
Austria 15.87	Germany 2,225	Malta 0.550	South Africa 8.28
Belgium 42.83	Denmark 360.00	Netherlands 2,620	Spain 188.25
Canada 2,075	Hong Kong 11.74	New Zealand 2.19	Sweden 10.14
Cyprus 0.88	India 56.57	Norway 9.73	Switzerland 1,705
Denmark 8.08	Ireland 0.822	Portugal 229.76	Turkey 129,289
Finland 6.875	Israel 4.88	Saudi Arabia 5.81	USA 1,520

Supplied by National Bank (excluding Indian rupee and Israeli sheqel)

Notebook

Testing Labour's business mettle



Edited by Alex Brummer

COMPETITION policy is hardly likely to be close to the top of a New Labour agenda which will initially be dominated by big picture issues such as constitutional reform, the utilities tax (already too late) and Europe. Yet, when Labour unveils its proposals for business at the Queen Elizabeth Conference Centre in London on Wednesday, there may be no better means of measuring its attitude towards business than to stand it takes in this area.

There is plainly much that is wrong with the current multi-tiered approach to competition policy. There is a tendency for the gatekeeper, the Office of Fair Trading, to try to fix competition by carving out deals with companies which have a habit of running rings around it: the deal which Gerry Robinson of Granada cut out on the sale of motorway service stations (post the Forth takeover) is a case in point. Moreover, even if the OFT recommends that bid or an uncompetitive practice be looked at by the next tier, the Monopolies & Mergers Commission, it can be overruled by the Minister.

As for the current MMC, it has been widely criticised for its belief that the public interest and liberal economic theory are one and the same, giving the impression that it has a pro-business and big business bias. Moreover, its prestige has been damaged by the recent decision of the Trade Secretary overruling its judgment that the power generators National Power and Powergen, should be allowed to absorb regional electricity companies.

New Labour has talked about taking competition policy out of the political spectrum by creating a new super Office of Competition and Consumer Standards — parallel perhaps to its new super City regulator — which would in effect bring the OFT and MMC under one roof. This would be intellectually muddled.

In the current system, the OFT is essentially the prosecutor and the MMC the court. Putting the two together would likely clog up the system with cases which the OFT as gatekeeper should not let through and could in effect load the dice against takersover — not all of which are necessarily anti-competitive. Better perhaps, as now seems likely, to go for reform rather than thoroughgoing overhaul. Certainly, politics needs to be absolutely removed from the first stage of the process: all deals should go to the OFT and its recommendations should be acted on by the MMC not ministers. Moreover, the OFT would be better off referring more upwards, rather than seeking to negotiate with business off its own bat.

As for the MMC, there is nothing fundamentally wrong with its structure. There may well be a case, however, for reducing the public interest so that the needs of the consumer and greater competition are not always seen as identical. As the court of last resort for the utilities and their regulators, the MMC generally is deemed to have done

a good job. Although on more populist investigations, such as that into CDs it is claimed that the producers were favoured over the consumers. Certainly, a more balanced mix of economists and industrialists on the MMC would help: New Labour no doubt has some ideas on this. But chucking away decades of monopoly case law and expertise is not the answer and will only send the most negative signals to business.

Double ring

THE current leadership team of David Rowland and Ron Sandler at Lloyd's of London deserves praise for steering the insurance market back to safe land. By sheer determination they have managed to cobble together a £2.2 billion rescue package, taken on the night of the US legal system and brought the market back to the point where it has sufficient resources to pass the solvency tests required by the DTI. Under the rescue plan, Lloyd's hunkers with environmental and pollution claims, is neatly parcelled up in Equitas — a sort of sinking fund — and new Lloyd's can restore its credibility.

The machinery of the last five years, which saw the market rack up losses of £3 billion, have not been cost free. While Lloyd's has struggled to avoid warfare with the Names, it has lost competitive ground. Lloyd's has been notoriously shy about quantifying this, but there is no doubt that it has lost market share and confidence.

Moreover, the market in which new Lloyd's will now have to compete is considerably different partly as a result of its own problems. The flexibility of the old Lloyd's was largely based on its entrepreneurial, free-for-all structure, where it could be relied upon to take on risks which traditional insurers were reluctant to touch. The new Lloyd's, with its corporate investors anxious about their own returns to shareholders, is certain to be more risk averse. In this regard it will be more like the Commercial Union rather than the brave company which pioneered insurance for oil platforms (an important breakthrough and dared to take on pollution risk. But because its base of investors has narrowed, it may no longer dare to trade where others won't.

The concentration of power in reinsurance giants like Swiss Re, which this week took on the Prudential & General, will mean a tougher market place for Lloyd's reinsurers. Moreover, although Lloyd's has settled with its most vociferous critics it has still to establish a durable regulatory structure in which everyone can believe. It may be months, if not years, before the Lutine bell can be safely sounded twice.

Weinstock legacy

IT WOULD have been unfortunate had the end of Lord Weinstock's era at GEC been overshadowed by a shabby dispute over the terms of his successor George Simpson's contract. Instead, it now appears that a long-cherished Weinstock ambition of creating a true enterprise, which is genuinely the equal of General Electric in the US and ABB, is now possible with the proposed merger with Framatome, the French nuclear group. This will be a more fitting legacy.

91pc of Names back Lloyd's rescue deal

Pauline Spraggitt

LLOYD'S of London yesterday declared its £2.2 billion rescue package unconditional and disclosed that more than 91 per cent of its 34,000 investors had accepted the deal.

The settlement is the key plank of the plan designed to avert the collapse of the 308-year-old insurance market. Lloyd's racked up losses of nearly £8 billion in 1995-96 and many of the investors, known as Names, were almost bankrupt.

Lloyd's chairman, David Rowland, said he was confident the rescue would now succeed although he added: "We are not quite at the destination yet."

He added that Names who had not yet signed up to the deal would be able to do so until noon on September 11 — a two-week extension to the original deadline.

Mr Rowland said he was waiting for the Department of Trade and Industry to approve the formal launch of Equitas, probably next week.

Province's electric row boils up to MMC referral

Ian King

RELATIONS between Northern Ireland Electricity and its regulator plumbed new depths yesterday when the company rejected Offer's latest price review.

NIE launched a scathing attack on Douglas McIlDoon, head of Offer (NI) after refusing to accept his demand for a 31 per cent cut in prices. This immediately triggered a monopolies inquiry.

Patrick Haren, NIE's chief executive, said: "I have never heard anything so outrageously outlandish. Where on earth the man got this... from is beyond me. We unreservedly refute the nonsense of it."

He said the proposals would "materially damage" NIE's ability to maintain appropriate levels of network reliability and customer service.

NIE shares slid 6p to 335p on the statement.

In response, Mr McIlDoon's deputy, Charles

Province's electric row boils up to MMC referral

Coulthard, said: "NIE have chosen for the first time since privatisation to deliberately seek to increase the price customers pay for electricity."

This immediately provoked Dr Haren into an even more furious response: "I find Charles Coulthard's remarks quite disgraceful. It is what passes for dialogue at Offer. It is quite obvious why we need to have our review assessed by the MMC."

Under Offer's proposals, NIE would cut its prices by a one-off 31 per cent next year, followed by further cuts in each of the next four years. The proposals would reduce the average domestic bill in Northern Ireland — where prices are among the highest in the UK — by an average of £270 over a five-year period.

NIE's proposals, unveiled yesterday, would cut bills by an average of £211 over the same period — which it said would satisfy customer demand and meet the "legitimate expectations" of its shareholders.

News in brief

Yeltsin shakes bullion markets

World bullion and gemstone markets were shaken yesterday as it emerged Boris Yeltsin had put himself in direct control of Russia's \$3.5 billion-plus strategic reserves of diamonds and precious metals. The president has dissolved the Komdramet agency that runs the stockpiles of gold, platinum and diamonds. The fear is that Mr Yeltsin will dip into the reserves to fund both the Russian budget deficit and election promises.

Blenheim pulls out

Blenheim Group, the exhibition and conference organiser, said last night that it was no longer in talks with potential bidders. Blenheim, which had been linked with Reed International and United News and Media, said it had not received proposals it recommended to its shareholders.

Airbus net widens

The partners in plane maker, Airbus Industrie, have approached Sweden's Saab.

Election battleground

On Monday the Economics Page starts a week-by-week guide to the battleground in the general election, exploring the economic issues that will determine whether Britain has its first change of government since 1979.

This week Larry Elliott looks at the reasons the Conservatives have held power for so long and examines the prospects for change. Richard Thomas and Sarah Fyfe visit Buckinghamshire and Teesside to look at life on both sides of the tracks

Financial Editor: Alex Brummer
Telephone: 0171-239-9610
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Finance Guardian

Lord Weinstock dominated British industry at GEC for 33 years. ROGER COWE and SIMON BEAVIS ponder the company's future

THE future which blew up this week over the pay package awarded to GEC's new managing director, George Simpson, will disrupt the supposedly smooth handover of power at the electronics giant's annual meeting on Friday.

A British Gas-style rumpus over the £10 million he could earn during the next five years is the last thing GEC wanted at a crucial point in its history. This week Lord Weinstock, a towering industrialist, passes the baton to Mr Simpson, perhaps the leading industrial strategist of his generation.

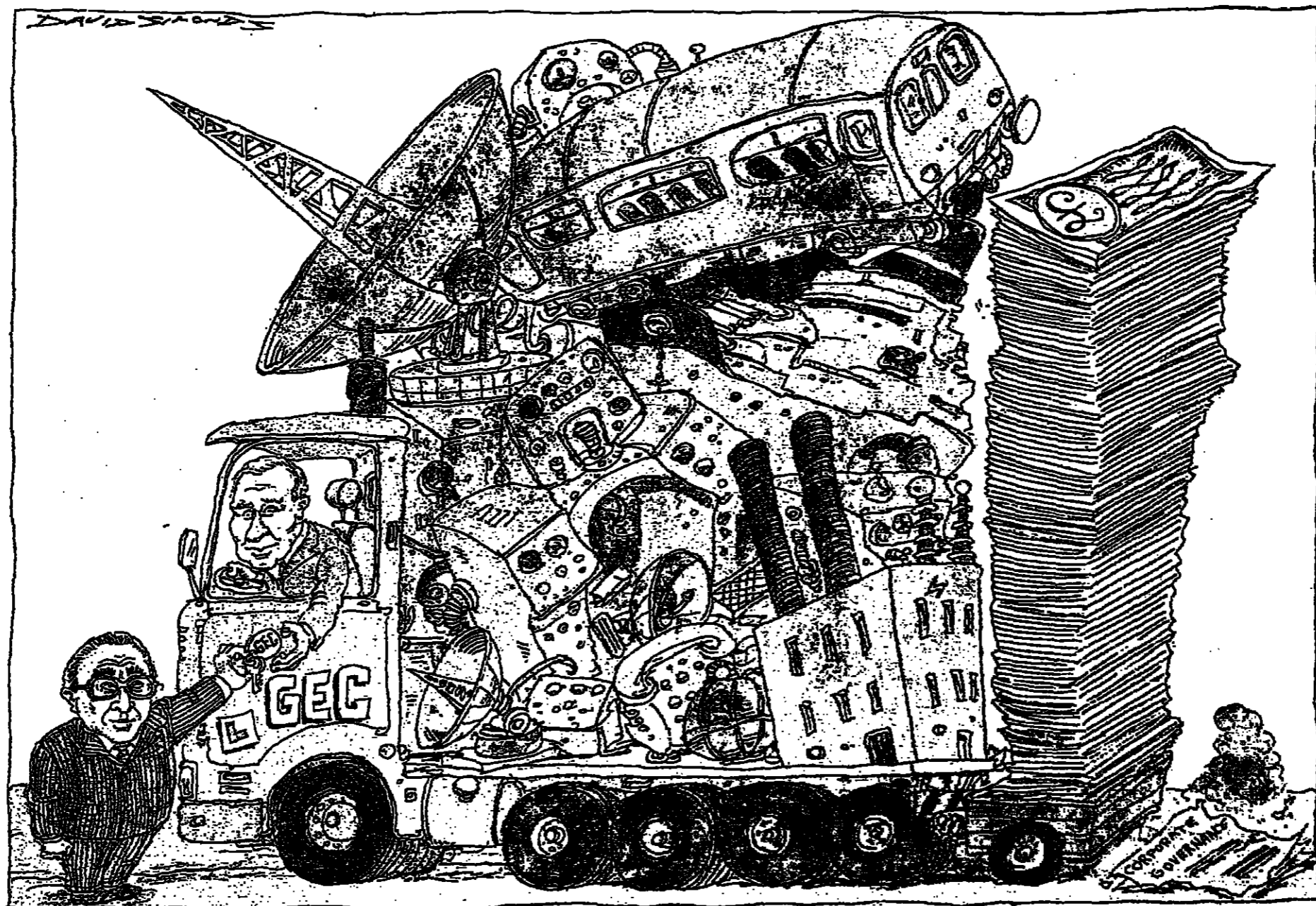
Both GEC and Mr Simpson, aged 54, have some fast talking to do to justify the contract the two parties have signed. In some respects it seems to ignore all the codes, rules and understandings developed in the past few years as the business world has sought to ensure that exceptional pay is available only for exceptional performance.

But GEC has not just reopened the corporate governance debate. The row also raises the question of why Mr Simpson appears to be worth so much money, and how his skills compare to Lord Weinstock, the man who hands over after 33 years in control.

GEC remains one of Britain's few top industrial companies, so the questions being asked are crucial, not only for its shareholders and 127,000 employees, but more widely for British industry well beyond the group's immediate interests in electrical and electronic engineering.

With Britain's manufacturing base having crumbled over the past 15 years, there are few home-grown industrialists who can stand on the world stage. Weinstock and Simpson are rare exceptions.

There are many sharp contrasts between the two men. Their personalities and careers differ widely, even their reputations are at odds.



Lord Weinstock has established himself as a master builder of international alliances — it is entirely in keeping with his record that in his last week in control of the company's Anglo-French power division, GEC Alsthom, should announce plans for a multi-billion pound merger with nuclear power station builder Framatome.

By contrast Mr Simpson is the man who sold Rover to the Germans. He has honed his skills in turning flagging companies round and selling them off.

The contrasts are personal too. "The gulf between the two men is so vast it's almost impossible to seize on a comparison," one analyst commented.

Mr Simpson is an affable, *bloke-ish* type, the sort of chap who could go unnoticed in any Middle England saloon bar. One analyst recalled his playing snooker with the City pack into the early hours of the morning during one trip with Rover.

He has the calm, friendly manner essential for any modern top executive who has to appear interested at all times and avoid seeming annoyed even by the most irritating questions or criticism from journalists. City analysts or financial industrialists who can stand on the world stage. Weinstock and Simpson are rare exceptions.

He has the crazy looks of

Is there life after Arnold?

somebody who has been at the sharp end of business most of his life, as indeed he has, and observers might well mark him out as an engineer rather than the accountant he trained as.

"He is a hard man with a human face. He has managed to get what he wants without upsetting too many people and this has allowed him to move from company to company. That is his main skill," said one observer who knows him well.

Mr Simpson's working life began in the gas industry but he soon moved to British Leyland, where he stayed in various capacities until three years ago, having fulfilled the objective of his then owner, British Aerospace, by selling what has now become Rover to BMW.

After the sale, he kept one foot in the car industry when he was recruited by Lucas to rescue the motor and aerospace group's reputation.

This fairly classic executive career pattern and personality could not be more different from Lord Weinstock's, who had no formal business training and who has barely budged from his desk at GEC's head office in Mayfair for the past 30 years.

Lord Weinstock is the antithesis of the modern executive: introspective and irascible, unconcerned with image and external communication, given to rudeness yet also compassionate, highly cultured and with a rampant sense of humour. Now a slightly stooping, owlish figure, he could be mistaken for an academic or musician — but would look out of place in a gathering of top industrialists. In the unlikely event that he would ever join such a gathering, *bloke-ish* he is not, and he has pursued his task of running GEC with a disregard for the City and the rest of industry which has rankled with many.

He had run only the small television and radio business of the Sobell family he married into before being catapulted, at the age of 38, into the top job of an ailing GEC in 1963. And there Lord Weinstock has stayed, first overseeing its recovery, then engineering its expansion through a series of takeovers, and finally attempting to steer it into a position to survive in the next century.

That process has created many enemies and prompted much criticism. Most critics focus on Lord Weinstock's vice-like grip on the purses and his sterile management style — which relies hugely on scrutiny of financial ratios.

GEC's reluctance or inability to spend huge cash resources is notorious. From the start of the 1980s the group's cash pile grew astonishingly, reaching a peak of £3.6 billion in 1986. That was fine when interest rates were

high, but once the return began to fall, demands for the money to be spent became more strident.

Characteristically, Lord Weinstock took no notice. He argued that it was impossible to have too much cash, especially in heavy engineering where customers for long-term projects need the reassurance of financial strength.

Such excuses did not pacify the critics. Nor did a steady stream of takeovers, including a trio of international joint ventures at the end of the 1980s which created GEC Alsthom, a telecoms joint venture with Siemens and an alliance in domestic appliances with the mighty General Electric and international alliances.

In 1980 the group exported 30 per cent of its products; now the figure is 70 per cent. An impressive performance over a period when much of the British industry was being taught lessons about exporting. Some of that growth comes from the highly present international alliances. "The deals done in 1989 were very timely and very well chosen," the analyst said. "The GEC record must be set against the fact that there

manner left the group's managers too scared to take risks. GEC had missed out on the consumer electronics boom, they pointed out, had failed to internationalise its telecoms business, didn't bother to apply for a mobile phone licence and was in danger of being swamped by the new heavyweights in the fast-consolidating defence industry.

Some of these complaints have substance, especially the complete misjudgment concerning the potential for mobile phones.

Professor Garel Rhys, of Cardiff Business School, says of Lord Weinstock: "He did a great job in securing the future of GEC but left it constrained by not being willing to spend on new products."

Like many, he believes Lord Weinstock should have left GEC 10 years ago. But one analyst said that Lord Weinstock's record is only just beginning to be understood. "He has been significantly underrated," he said, pointing to his record in building overseas business and international alliances.

Winstock pulls last deal, page 11

have been significant cyclical downturns in all of the main business sectors — defence, telecoms and power engineering. Yet GEC has managed to record steady if unspectacular growth.

While Lord Weinstock's reputation is probably less than is deserved, however, there are questions marks over where his successor's reputation has come from, and how soundly it is based.

'He did a great job in securing the future of GEC, but left it constrained by not being willing to spend on new products'

Prof Garel Rhys, Cardiff Business School

Mr Simpson's early career is difficult to assess, although surviving the main stream that was British Leyland in the 1970s and 1980s speaks for itself to some extent. But more recently his main achievements have been in selling British businesses to foreigners.

After solving a problem for British Aerospace by selling Rover to the Germans, he has now married off Lucas to a US braking and diesel group, Vauxly.

Rover has widely been seen to have been transformed from the basket case which was British Leyland and Simpson got much of the credit. But now some doubts are emerging.

"British Leyland was never as bad as it seemed and Rover was never as good as it seemed," Prof Rhys said. And in a recent circular, US stock broker Salomon Bros highlighted the problems which BMW is finding with its British offshoot. "In our view Rover is both a short and a medium-term burden on BMW. Rover emerges from this review as the European volume manufacturer with the most work to accomplish to reach industry standards."

The challenge for Mr Simpson at GEC is formidable, and there seem to be few easy options, since this is not a group which is on its uppers and needs to be turned round. The group has a long tail of miscellaneous industrial businesses which are obvious candidates for sale. Many have been available for some time, at the right price, and it seems unlikely that there will be a rush of buyers once Mr Simpson takes over.

But the bulk of the group, and the biggest challenges, lie in the three main legs — GEC Alsthom, Telecoms and Marconi. Here the challenge is to move with the wind of shifting alliances and European consolidation, ensuring that GEC remains at the top table. It requires the sort of skill which Mr Simpson showed in dealing with Honda and Vauxly, but he will do well to match Lord Weinstock's canny manoeuvrings and astute deals.

Winstock pulls last deal, page 11

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Anatomy of an empire

The GEC empire

	Sales, £m	Profit, £m
Defence electronics	3,698	291
*Power systems	3,728	477
*Telecoms	1,670	188
General industrial	2,397	204

*Includes GEC's share of joint ventures

Where the sales go

Rest of world 21% UK 29%

Americas	18%
Other Europe	20%
France	12%

The culture clashes appear to have been greater, and the enthusiasm less, than with the French deal, and it would be unsurprising if Siemens gradually acquired majority control. Marconi is the third leg, and the only one to be wholly owned. Built on the Marconi subsidiary of English Electric, the div-

ision has also expanded with the addition of firms from Plessey and Ferranti, as well as the naval shipyard acquisitions Yarrow and VSEL. It now faces uncertainty from the consolidation of the European defence industry, especially the decision of the French government to privatise Thomson.

Quick Crossword No. 8219

Solution No. 8218

Across

- 1 Pale yellow spring flower (6)
- 5 Place for tents (4)
- 9 Capital of Egypt (5)
- 10 Feeling (7)
- 11 Absolute nonsense (5,7)
- 13 Drinking of the gods (6)
- 14 Flowering plant's male organ (6)
- 17 Limited stop rail transport (7,5)
- 20 More easily understood — less cloudy (7)
- 21 Exterior (5)
- 22 Orderly — of fair size (4)
- 23 Attendance (6)

Down

- 1 Playing cards — put in suitcase (4)
- 2 Foolish (7)
- 3 Port near Sugar Loaf Mountain (3,2,7)
- 4 Spanish wine (6)
- 6 "I was elsewhere" plea (5)
- 7 Strong liking (6)
- 8 Soldiers in battle (6,6)
- 12 Charge less than (8)
- 15 Dampen (7)
- 16 One charging excessive interest (6)
- 18 Beg (5)
- 19 Soft, white cheese (4)

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31 August to 7 September

Tabloid TV

The woman 'abused' by Esther

The Coles Interview 15



Leave it out Arfur
Bron jumps to Di's side
Head to head 16



Oh brother, it is heavy
The danger of being a sibling
Arts feature 18



The **Guardian**

the week

...a great...
...securing...
...future of...
...but left it...
...framed by...
...being willing...
...and on new...
...ducts'



It has been the summer of lost children, says **Blake Morrison**. And it's all our faults that they are gone

Fear for their lives

ACCORDING to legend, the Pied Piper, angry at being cheated of his reward for ridding Hamelin of its rats, retaliates by leading away the children of the town. His music enchants them into the hill, away from their parents, never to come back. It's a story which expresses a primal adult terror: the fear of one's children suddenly and inexplicably disappearing. One can imagine parents telling it to each other in ages when children were commonly taken from them by illness and disease. Over the last month, it's a story that has become resonant again. All parents in all ages have worried about losing their children. But the sudden flash of anxiety — the feeling the ground might swallow them up, that if you relax for a minute they'll disappear and never be seen again — is a peculiarly late 20th-century phenomenon. It's all some parents think about. Even when you're not thinking about it, or you think you're not thinking about it, it can creep up on you, like a shadow, darkening an innocent moment. It crept up on me a few evenings ago, in a harvest field. Two of my children and their friends had been playing a game with straw bales: the modern, cylindrical bale — the sort that looks like a giant cotton reel — is easy to push, and the game was to roll the bale while someone tried to kneel or stand on top of it. Afterwards, we headed back to the house over another stubby field, where the children re-ran the Olympic 110 metres hurdles over straw that was still lying ungathered in long rows. It was a perfect evening: the moon coming up, an owl hooting, wisps of mist over the stubble. But gradually, worryingly, the children slipped from view. The youngest was wearing a white T-shirt, and seemed to go under, lost behind the

waves of straw. There was no need to worry: the house was close by, we were alone in the middle of a cornfield; it wasn't as if there were cars about, or dangerous animals, or paedophiles, or murderers. There was no need to worry, but I did worry, and wasn't happy again until I found the children safely back at the house. It's been the summer of lost children. Last August the running news story was the weather: unbroken skies and record temperatures. This year — to use Andrew O'Hagan's coinage — it's the Missing. In Belgium they're digging for the bodies of the children murdered by the builder and convicted sex offender Marc Dutroux. In Cornwall, French police carry out DNA tests on the friends of 15-year-old Caroline Dickinson, after she was raped and murdered while on a school holiday in Brittany. In Dumbarton, the mother of 14-year-old Caroline Glachan appeals for witnesses to come forward, after her daughter's battered body is recovered from the River Leven. In Birmingham, the body of 16-year-old Lucy Burchell is found behind a nightclub the day before her GCSE results; Lucy is described as bright and well-liked in her SixFordsshire village, though later it emerges she'd fallen in with the wrong crowd and had been supplementing her pocket money by working as a prostitute. There are other losses, no less haunting than the headlines of rape and murder. Five teenagers from Leicester — one 14 — are killed on holiday when their car overturns and lands in a Lincolnshire dyke. Two boys tell an inquest how they watched a pack of Rottweilers tear apart their 11-year-old friend when he climbed into a yard. Even prenatal deaths make the headlines, as a woman aborts one of her twins, to the outrage of pro-Life lobbyists. **page 14**

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL GRAHAM/COURTESY ANTHONY REYNOLDS GALLERY



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THE DIFFERENCE IS
DEBENHAMS

the week that was

Them on them

This ruling deserves to be taken as a warning to the leaders of all nations yet to implement democracy...

Never too remote from a TV remote, Asian children are being zapped from an early age by colonialism via satellite...

Us on us

Like it or not, people living in the Bishop's Stortford area have to realise that Stansted Airport's designation as the hijack destination for south eastern England means more dramas such as unfolded there on Tuesday could head our way in future.

Council officials are warning motorists to drive carefully in St Helens Cemetery and to respect the people buried there. The warning follows an accident at the cemetery last Wednesday...

Manton is back in the national doghouse as TV reporters were back in town as the row over so-called tiny terror Matthew Wilson boiled up once more.

THEME OF THE WEEK SURGERY

FOR its great part of this century, suburban man's two greatest fears have been, of having to watch his television holiday movies...



FRCS. You laughed with him as he discussed his golf handicap in Ingrowing Toenail. Now see him as never before... Gall Bladder: a motion picture experience, coming to a screen near you.

And it's not just that surgery vids are thoroughly above board, are, ahem, "educational" and brought to you by decent change making a legitimate packet on the side.

And these, the £200-a-ticket punters will be content they won't be fobbed off with a makeshift repair and a couple of cosmetic nose jobs; they will be guaranteed an entire heart and lung transplant.

As we all gawp at coverage of such events, watching weekly heartwarming and sustaining surgery will remain the prerogative of the elite. If Mrs Stralys managed to stand a chance of playing at D's 40th birthday, they can begit it.

This week last year

25.8-31.8.95

Bill Gates takes another step towards world domination

BILLED as the world's first ever celebrity computer programme, Microsoft's Windows 95 was downloaded a year ago from the software company's Seattle headquarters to an expectant consumer world amid scenes of feverish hype.



advances pioneered years before by Apple — but not all good, either. Ahead of the launch, the jokes had already begun. "Microsoft 95 is Apple 89," ran one jibe.

PCs with insufficient memory to accommodate Windows. In order to run the new software, users had to spend more money upgrading their equipment.

younger rival Netscape. For years Microsoft, like other software manufacturers, had ignored the commercial potential of the Internet only to find itself losing out to companies which were cashing in on the appetite for programs to surf the Net.

FIRST PERSON DEMOCRAT DELEGATE

Gail Nardi, 53, is a Democrat from Riley, North Carolina. This week's convention was her first.

"We arrived on Friday and on Saturday night there was a huge gala for all the delegates on the Navy pier. The party was called A Taste of Chicago. There were hundreds of stalls with food and drink and lots of different music, from gospel to big band, and it was all free.

She has been sitting right above us all through the conference. And when she gave her speech, Chelsea was in her seat above us. That's our version of royal watching.

The whole week will cost most delegates about \$1,000 in air fares and hotel bills, although about two-thirds of meals are offered free by various political groups or supporters. Our governor was co-host at a lunch thrown at basketball player Michael Jordan's restaurant. He's from North Carolina, but played in Chicago. His Mama was there, though he was tied up in Hollywood.

Fear for their lives

page 13 Meanwhile, the nation holds its breath for the octuplets of Mandy Allwood, which, so the News of the World reports (it has bought the exclusive, and prints the picture of the ultrasound scan), are "alive and kicking" — as yet.



Stolen childhoods... Jodi and Tom Loughlin, went missing on a beach; Lucy Burchell, right, murdered child prostitute



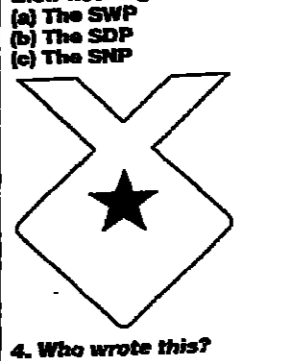
things are getting worse. Parents in 18th-century London, when 70 per cent of infants died before reaching the age of two, had much more cause for anxiety than we do. So why this current preoccupation?



came the day after a report by the charity Barnardo's — based on the findings of a project in Bradford dealing with child sex abuse — that at least 5,000 children under the age of 16 are "being kept prisoner, tortured and pushed on to the streets as prostitutes to feed the growing demands of paedophiles".

HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION

1. Who, according to Corriere della Sera, conquered Italian women with his "intelligence, his open-mindedness and his great joie de vivre"?



4. Who wrote this? "Be kinder to an anarchist's burnion-covered feet. Let's bleed from an isolated trek to Nevada"

5. One delegation arrived in Chicago to crown their king; another arrived one short. Who were they?

6. Who is getting a new prime-time chat show on the BBC?

7. This woman got divorced? Who is she?

8. Which programme was scolded for its salacious sexual content?

9. Five wickets for 67 runs. Liam who?

10. Who crashed his Range Rover?

11. Which medical programme caused a bloody row?

12. Who said: "My philosophy is maximum reward for minimum effort"?

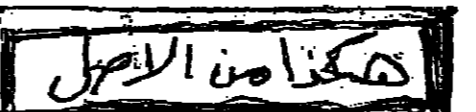
13. Whose birthday party was broken up by council mice absent officers?

14. Whose puncture left him feeling deflated?

15. Who was branded a "petty tyrant" by his wife?

Answers, back page

photos of her posing on "her first and last fashion shoot". To mourn the deaths of children is the mark of a civilised society. But to venerate fertility is a symptom of moral panic. That's why stories of births have been commanding the headlines. Children are being lost, so read about them being replenished in large numbers.



The media inquisition

Noelle Kelly, the matron of the hospital at the centre of the Esther Rantzen row, tells her story

THE JOANNA COLES INTERVIEW



I AM SITTING waiting for matron in the British Home and Hospital for Incurables when Carlos, who is manning the reception desk, suddenly cocks his head and nods towards a strange shuffling noise coming towards us from the far end of the corridor. "It's Barbara," mumbles Carlos, recognising the limp, though we cannot see anyone, because the reception area is at a right-angle to the corridor. The shuffling grows nearer, then stops. All of a sudden, a thin white woman in a crimson dressing gown swings into view. She seems tall, perhaps six foot, in her mid-forties with black bob and a face so white it looks haunted. "Hello," she says, rocking above me and taking my eyes in her stare. "I'm dead."

"Come on Barbara," says Carlos, deftly turning her round and sending her shuffling slowly down the corridor from whence she came. It is an unnerving start. As yet I have no idea what to expect from the quaintly-named Home for Incurables. But then neither do most people. Why should they?

Set up by a charitable trust in 1861 (when Streatham, in south London, was famous for its air and not its bus terminus) the BHHI is a home for the chronically sick — for people who were once fit and healthy, but who will never recover. For the victims of multiple sclerosis, car crashes, skiing accidents or anaesthetics which went horribly wrong. It is a place where a 24-year-old woman lies in a vegetative state after amniotic fluid flooded into her bloodstream as she gave birth. The child was born healthy.

It is a place where people come not to die, but to go on living in a strange otherworld that most of us will never know. A place where the 60 regular staff and a bank of volunteers give up their week-ends to spoon fruit into wheelchair mouths at the strawberry garden party or drive residents to the subsidised seats for the disabled at the Royal Opera House.

There is, of course, no reason you should have even heard of BHHI, no reason at all — unless God forbid, you have a chronically ill relative. Or unless, that is, you chanced upon the Rantzen Report on BBC1 last week. In which case you will have a very different perception indeed.

Imagine for a moment that you are Noelle Kelly. You have been running the BHHI successfully for nine years and before that you enjoyed a successful ten-year career as Director of Nursing for University College Hospital and the Middlesex. As matron, you are responsible for patients, staff and ultimately the need to fundraise £900,000 a year. A spot on the Rantzen Report could be very useful to raise the profile and to also put staff on the back, since they don't get overpaid.

"When one of the staff heard we were on one of Esther's shows, he thought it was for a Heart of Gold Award," Kelly smiles wryly. Which just goes to show how wrong a matron can be.

So when a letter came from the Rantzen Report, inviting Kelly on to a show to discuss advocacy for the disabled with particular reference to one of her patients, 28-year-old Ian Parker, she wasn't abjectly worried. "I couldn't go on the programme because I was busy, I had a general medical advisory committee meeting scheduled for 12.30pm, and the programme was being recorded at 12pm, but I sent them a note back letting them know."

But they didn't.

"I had to get legal advice, clearly they had trespassed," she continues. "I needed to know if they had filmed other residents, in which case I needed to alert relatives." So her solicitor sent back three pages of A4 voicing her concerns. It made no difference. On August 19 the staff of BHHI trooped home in some trepidation, for Kelly had warned them



Noelle Kelly... 'What can I do? Get an apology on air to say they were wrong? And what good is that? It's trial by media'

PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE

would value your observations," she faxed addled ominously. "Since we will be including secret filming of Ian whilst the BHHI fête was in progress."

"I was appalled," says Kelly, running a hand through dishevelled hair. "We're not a secret organisation! Two days before the 'secret' filming, we had another BBC camera crew here, filming the Queen Mother! Video Diaries have just asked me if they can do something on us! If the Rantzen Report had asked me I would have said 'Come in and film.'"

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they were not up for an award after all. But even then she was not prepared for what she saw.

Between a horrific tale of one man's death and a young boy's sexual abuse, the programme jointly accused the BHHI of chronically neglecting Parker. (He suffered severe brain trauma when he was one year old and is unable to communicate at all.) A bombastic studio audience applauded as Esther made her accusations. There was no reason for the viewer to believe otherwise.

But no man could be more strenuously denied. "The staff were devastated by it, devastated," cries Kelly, switching off a tape of the programme on her borrowed telly. "And they were furious with me for not stopping it from going out, but how could I? Indeed, how could she? What can people do when the media juggernaut comes thundering towards them?"

"I have worked nine days on the

trot now, when I should be running the home, just trying to clear this mess up." Her deputy, Christine Flack, arrives with a selection of supportive post, from volunteers and relatives of residents, all similarly horrified.

"I'm just so appalled, so appalled," Kelly chants absently, directing pieces of paper across her desk, which will comprise her official complaint to the Broadcasting Complaints Commission. She has the skin-stretched, fleshy-eyed look of the exhausted. As we chat, her phone goes continually, friends, the board of directors, a worried relative, the Daily Mail, Telegraph and Express. She looks older than Esther Rantzen, who is three years her senior. But she also looks determined to clear the home's reputation.

"Here," she says, passing me a wodge of photographs which capture Ian Parker in the chapel, in the concert hall and at a volunteer's garden party in Kyrcroft.

"What can I do? Get an apology on air to say they were wrong? And what good is that? What comeback do I have? It's trial by media, she has victimised us."

Another word for it might be ambushed. Kelly was invited on to the show only after Rantzen's crew had already filmed secretly in the home. The letter inviting her to join the programme was misleading, suggesting the subject for discussion was advocacy — when in fact the programme was about abuse and neglect.

"I'm outraged as a human being that the staff of the Rantzen Report would treat me like this, their first letter was clearly dishonest," she ralls furiously. "If the first letter had contained the information, I still couldn't have gone to the programme but I would have sought permission from Ian's mother to reply. I gave them a lot of information to prevent this happening. I was horrified at what came out, this was the

BBC! I wouldn't say I was Esther's biggest fan, but I enjoyed *That's Life!* and I applauded her work on child abuse. But this, I am still shocked."

Kelly's long-term concern however, is not for journalism — the BBC can thrash that out in private. Kelly's concern is for the home itself, which as a charity needs to raise £900,000 a year to keep going. And the BHHI is up against stiff competition in the compassion stakes. There is nothing sexy about chronically ill adults, no red ribbons for those who drool all day.

"How can I put it?" she asks. "They're not seen as cuddly, are they? One charity donor I spoke to said he will donate only to furry animals and the opera. We don't think we will be smashed in a car accident and never work again, do we? You never think about it because it's rare to have a devastating illness, it's out of sight and mind. People don't know about us

and don't want to know unless they need us."

What irony then, that we need places like the Home for Incurables — albeit perhaps with a gentler name — more than ever. The pace of medical science means more people are kept alive, while the number of those who survive but have crippling brain injuries has risen by 25 per cent in the past 10 years.

Last January, the home opened a new wing, adding 48 new beds. There's no shortage of takers. On my way out, I pass the art room festooned with brass-rubbings; the hair and manieure salon; the dentist and the kitchen with ovens at wheelchair height where patients are encouraged to bake cakes. Past the newly-refurbished reception rooms and one of the TV rooms where three men sit. Ian Parker's arms flex involuntarily as he does through Neighbours. And how I wish that Esther Rantzen was with me.

JEREMY HARDY



Home truths about the Home Office horror show

SOMETIMES it is impossible to overstate the bleeding obvious. So let me take this opportunity to state that Michael Howard is surely one of the most repellent combinations of DNA ever to wear a dark suit. I do not seek to demonise him in the way the Left once demonised Thatcher, although he is a useful repository for that spare hatred. Today, Lady Thatcher is like a mad aunt, a person with appalling ideas who manages to be perversely entertaining by saying the wrong thing on family occasions. But in the eighties she was demonised to the extent that she appeared to have unearthly powers and we lost sight of how eminently defensible she was. In the end, her own side had to dump her because no one else would.

So I don't want to accord Howard that kind of status. It was only the Falklands War that saved Thatcher from early dismissal, and it was only Jack Straw's utter

uselessness that saved Howard from being driven into the sea by the entire nation. There was Howard, having united ramblers, ravers and judges into the most potent opposition force this century. And yet by one of those quirks of history that spawn an eternity of if-onlys, the shadow home secretary happened to be Jack Straw. Appointed by Blair to make his own tenure of the position seem like a golden age, Jack Straw squared up to the most reviled man in England and single-handedly rescued his career. Why? Because he was frightened of him.

So there we were, saddled with Howard indefinitely. And he became ever more like Thatcher, utterly brazen. He seems to revel in being hated, in a way that suggests it is all he has ever known. He loves that he can cow civil servants into being his fall-guys. He appears to love the fact that no one believes a word he says. He doesn't even mind that his own side

thought for a minute he'd gone soft on hijackers; his record on asylum seekers is so brutal that he has nothing to prove.

And he gets away with it all in a way which is admirable. Even more so than Kenneth Clarke, from whom he inherited the Home Office. Clarke was as despicable in the job as he had been at Health and Education; but at some point he felt the need to re-invent himself as that amiable, beery jazzo-lover for whom the Exchequer is an annoying distraction from appearing on the Today programme.

When you listen to Clarke joshing in that silly Chris Tarrant voice, you can almost forget the way he reviled teachers and nurses, that he called ambulance workers "glorified taxi-drivers", that he denied justice to the Bridgewater Four.

In those days, Clarke was still playing the unconscionable bruiser. Then it was decided that he had the potential to replace

Major, so he set about becoming what the broadcasters fondly call the "candidate of the Left". This title has nothing to do with ideology; it is awarded to whichever

know that it's not true. You know he would not be disarmingly funny or self-mocking or tipsy or flirtatious. I suspect he would exhibit a certain vulnerability, but the kind that makes you want to run away lest you become infected by it.

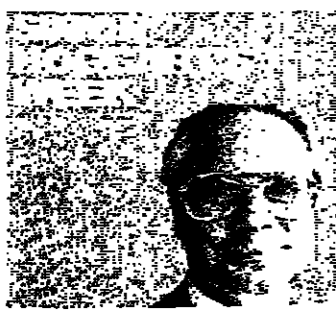
For there is something achingly weak about Michael Howard and he is not very good at disguising it. He does not cope with his refugee parentage at all well. Pordillo manages to be both British xenophobe and dashing Spaniard so comfortably and flamboyantly that the shame he brings upon his father is all part of the package. Howard is evasive, furtive. So he throws himself wholeheartedly into law and order.

The tabloids conspire with him in depicting his court battles as fights between the man in the street and the ultra-left judiciary. And he appears to delight in losing them. Liberal commentators conspire in making the battles seem

ever more perilous for him, so that his survival seems ever more remarkable.

But the battle over the early release of prisoners was always going to be a cake-walk. The only question is whether he set the whole thing up to his advantage or whether he is incompetent. The latter is suggested by the fact that Richard Tilt's career was spared. Howard would love to dismiss Tilt and the party would love him for it. But he couldn't, because Tilt would not then have agreed to take the rap.

Similarly, although Howard would love to be like Clarke and deny justice to the Bridgewater Four, he faced a judicial review which he would at the moment have been in the process of losing. And that frightened him, so much that he reversed his decision and referred the case to the Court of Appeal. So let us all take heart. Michael Howard is not as hard as he likes to think he is.



Green roads to the cement factory

WE'RE JUST BACK from a splendid holiday in France, where in spite of the franc fort, you can still get an excellent four-course lunch for little more than a rather better meal would cost in London. But I always return with various small mysteries niggling on my mind. For example, why do those wonderful Michelin maps show windmills but not motorway service stations? Sometimes when you're running low, it's more useful to find the nearest petrol than a Callo-Roman sulphur bath. And how do they decide where to put those green lines along "scenic" routes? These are usually the most boring roads, consisting of thick stands of trees. You can follow them for miles, then soon afterwards come upon a valley where a crystal river glides through emerald pastureland, honey-coloured medieval villages clinging to vertiginous cliffs, cherubim blow trumpets in the shafts of sunlight, etc. and there's no green line on the map. Why? Is it some maniacal, Enzarquist French scheme? "Dupont, your quota of green lines is 47 per cent too low. Draw some more!" "Oui, Monsieur," says the cowed little clerk, chewing on his toothbrush moustache, then, when nobody is watching, he slaps a green line on the D911, just by the cement factory. And why do Scots put those infuriating oval "Ecoose" stickers on the back of their cars? Do they imagine that restaurateurs will say, "Ah, nous êtes très bienvenues, pas comme les sales Anglaises... avec un kir gratuit!" I suppose, like so many Scottish things, it is designed primarily to annoy the English. I'VE BEEN drawing enjoyment from Esther Rantzen's embarrassment over the attack on her Rantzen Reports programme. Ms Rantzen has always existed on the margin of my life, just close enough to be irritating. There was the time at the Edinburgh Festival when she filmed a theatre troupe which included my brother. She seemed encouraging and supportive, so they were hurt when the broadcast item was sneery and condescending. I was on some breakfast show with her

once — the only time I've met her — when she turned to the audience and declared: "I think it is disgraceful to attack the royal family, since they cannot answer back," a remark so breathtakingly untrue that it drew loud cheers. And what father, trying to bathe himself, by leaving her usual easy targets of petty bureaucrats, pervers, double-glazing salesmen and turning on a group of people — hard-working, dedicated, underpaid care workers — who are actually very popular. I CANNOT SEE what is so wrong with the video of NHS operations or why we are supposed to be so disgusted. There's nothing ghoulish about being intrigued by the imminence of death, since it's one of the few experiences all of us will share. I expect I'll have to go under the knife before I'm dead, and I would be fascinated to know beforehand what it's like. Years ago there was a stellar fuss about a TV film which showed a baby being born. Naturally I watched, and I am glad I did — nothing else could have prepared me for the reality. The point about the Everyday Operations is not that it's educational (a similar extravaganza was made for those how-to-do-it porn videos, in which calm middle-aged doctors in white coats introduce mistily filmed couples at it hammer and tongs) but that it's deeply in-

triguing. I'm sure we'd be able to buy the thing if this PR-obsessed government hadn't decided there were a handful of votes in banning it. PRINCESS DIANA'S dazzling ring play on the day of her divorce proves again that she is the world's most natural public relations operator. Wearing the rings declared: "I am the wronged party; my love still glows as brightly as these gems," without saying a word. We are so dazzled by this instinctive understanding of the public mood (something the lumpy Windsor never manages) that we forget she must have been wearing the same jewellery while cavouring with those hunks officers. What's happened is that she now provides PR services for her own PRs. The top public relations man in the Sun, the late Sir Max Clifford, Lynne Franks and now DI's ex-PR Jane Atkinson — exist largely to promote themselves. This they do by having high-profile clients, who actually provide the service they ostensibly offer. Princess DI could charge PRs for being their clients.

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Diana and the tabloids



Do we now leave Di alone? Opening a new series, writer Auberon Waugh and Arthur Edwards, Sun royal photographer, cross swords

Dear Arthur, EVERYBODY understands that it is your job to take photographs of Princess Diana. Many will decide that photographs of her looking stressed and tearful as she fled after the divorce settlement was announced last month are justified as catching a particular moment in the unfolding drama of the royal soap opera. But the tears and stress were not caused by the divorce that finally came through this week. They were caused by a gang of pressmen — seven on motorbikes, two in cars — who had been pursuing Diana until she was reduced to tears and then got their photographs. It is against this sort of treatment that she appeals to be left in peace. I quite accept, Arthur, that you were not among the gang. And you can't be held responsible for the despicable behaviour of Martin Stenning, the photographer who has been banned from going within 300 metres of the princess. But you are among those who continue to make their living from pursuing her, even now she is divorced, and

it is reasonable to ask how you square this activity with your self-respect as a newspaperman and as a human being. Part of the problem may be that you work for a proprietor who combines a former colonial boy's resentment against the mother country with some deeply personal, almost psychopathic anxieties about adultery. The princess of Wales catches it on both scores. There is also the element of misogyny, never far from the surface in Britain, which delights in making a beautiful woman suffer. Perhaps you feel that Diana richly deserves whatever punishment she receives — by virtue of being over-privileged, having secured a huge divorce settlement and being by no means averse to favourable publicity. If you see yourself as a social avenger, well and good. Would you, perhaps, volunteer for the post of public hangman if it were available? All I ask of your colleagues who see themselves in that role is that they let it be known that they have this higher purpose, and do not try to pass off the resulting cruelty as if it were in response to public demand, or part of the news-gather-



Auberon Waugh, left and Arthur Edwards

ing process. Neither of us can doubt that there are psychopaths and sadists working on the Sun. It is just a question of whether you, Arthur Edwards, identify with the psychopaths or with the good-natured, easy-going side of the operation which still makes the Sun Britain's favourite newspaper. Yours fraternally, Auberon Waugh

historical this week has been: the Waleses' divorce is a momentous event. It is one of the greatest news stories since the 1936 Abdication Crisis and the way the princess tackles her new solo role is of immense interest to everyone. When photographers trail after Diana, it is because they want to know if she will remarry, and who will be the lucky chap? This is a legitimate news story. If you actually read the popular press instead of smugly criticising them, you would know that the Sun sticks to the Press Complaints Commission guidelines. In fact Rupert Murdoch recently castigated one of his editors for publishing a picture of Princess Diana's sister-in-law in a clinic. I can't find any psychopaths at the Sun. I have looked hard and can only find one sadist. He is the one who cuts my expenses every week. Yours royally, Arthur Edwards

I agree that if and when she decides to remarry, it will be a matter of interest to nearly everybody in the country; but nobody outside the media will care who is first with the story. If she is followed around, night and day, by pressmen looking for clues it will create unnecessary misery. I am sorry to hear they are cutting your expenses on the Sun. These are bad times for journalists. Could it be time for us both to try something else? Yours fraternally, Auberon Waugh

Dear Arthur, I WAS not impressed by your suffering over the polo incident. Do you think it possible that Princess Diana's friendliness has gone to your head? You report her as responding to your criticism of her clothes with: "I suppose you'd like it better if I came naked." Now there is nothing to be ashamed of in that, Arthur. You would be superhuman if you could follow an attractive young woman around all day without wondering what she would be like in different circumstances... A very high proportion of males will respond to her in the same way, and that's the problem. It is a question of how we handle the disappointment. You say you have a sacred duty to be first with news of her remarriage. This is bullshit, Arthur. There is no reason to suppose she will ever remarry. What you are saying is that for the rest of her life she must expect to be hounded by the tabloids. What has she done to deserve it? Or is there an element of actual jealousy in the nation's reaction to its only international superstar? Seventy per cent of Princess Diana's supporters are women. I am not sure what this story tells us about British men. Perhaps that too many of them read the Sun. Yours fraternally, Auberon Waugh

Dear Auberon, WHEN Princess Diana bared her soul to the world on Panorama she divided the nation. Most women, as you say in your letter, supported her. Most men it seems couldn't care less. To them she is just a very lucky person living in a palace paid for by the taxpayer. A woman kept in such style, with £17 million in the bank from her husband and untold privilege, should not complain if she is occasionally harassed unnecessarily by paparazzi. Although Princess Diana comes out of the top drawer, she is in my opinion a classless icon full of compassion. I see a mixture of Mother Teresa and Cindy Crawford — a woman unique to this century. Nobody knows better than I do, Auberon, what Diana has done for Britain. I have seen her shaking hands with lepers in Nigeria and with soul-searching honesty talking about her personal battle with bulimia. I certainly don't expect to see her like again in my lifetime. She is determined to leave this world a better place, and in the process try to drag the royal family kicking and screaming into the 21st Century. Even though Prince Charles has rejected her, she still has a lot to offer the nation — as well as broken-down photographers like me. But just remember, Auberon, Diana isn't perfect. Nobody is. Yours royally, Arthur Edwards

QUALITY U.K. MADE WAX JACKET ONLY £25+p+p. Features: Cord collar, seamstress shoulder for added water shed, 2 way front zip, studded storm flap, hand warmer pockets, deep front pockets, intrinsic pockets, knitted cuff & storm cuff. Includes a form for ordering with name, address, and phone number fields.

Dear Auberon, IT GIVES me no pleasure to see pictures of the Princess of Wales being chased through the streets of London. These pictures did not appear in the Sun and none of the pursuing photographers worked for Britain's favourite newspaper. I did not realise, Auberon, that you were on such intimate terms with the Princess — how else would you know that her tears were not caused by the stress of her divorce, but by the appalling paparazzi. Perhaps she also confided in you that for 16 years she has courted cameramen, and I include myself as one of her willing victims. Once when visiting the Taj Mahal I asked her to pose exclusively for me and she readily agreed. "Where do you want me, Arthur?" she asked. I do not gather myself that she was just trying to help me. The reason is more likely that 13 million Sun readers would see her at her gorgeous best. Furnily enough, it is always the papers with the highest circulation to whom Diana is the most cooperative. Diana is the most fascinating and photogenic member of the royal family, and most of the thousands of pictures I have taken of her have been flattering. Many have ended up in her private archives. Maybe you fail to appreciate how

Dear Arthur, I DON'T think you should believe everything that emanates from a royal office — or even a royal person. Some time ago I asked Princess Diana if she would ever watch a game of polo again. In reply she rolled her eyes to heaven and sighed: "No, I hate the game. I don't understand it and never have." Imagine my surprise, when shortly afterwards she turned up at Smith's Lawn with Prince Harry. Of course, it's every lady's prerogative to change her mind. But your adored princess seems to change hers quite a lot. Although she screams at pressmen in the street on occasion, she also coos up to them when she feels like it. Only recently she was spotted in Kensington Gardens enjoying a clandestine meeting with a newspaper reporter. If that was sheer coincidence, I'm a lottery winner. If you had worked with Princess Diana as often as I have you might not worry about her so much. She is much tougher than you think. Her father, the late Earl Spencer, called her "pure steel inside."

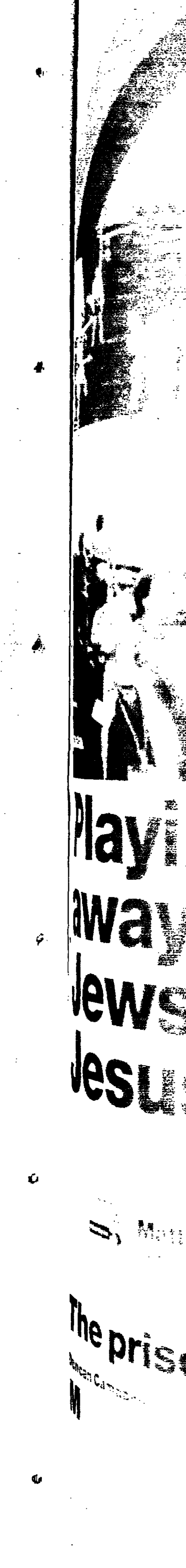
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DOONESBURY BY GARRY TRUDEAU. A four-panel comic strip showing characters discussing election coverage and political events. Panel 1: "SO WHAT DOES CLINTON'S RIGHTWARD MARCH MEAN? HAS THIS 'NEW DEMOCRAT' REALLY RENOUNCED EVERYTHING HIS PARTY HAS TRADITIONALLY STOOD FOR?" Panel 2: "OR IS THE MOVE ONLY AN ELECTION YEAR FEINT, AFTER WHICH HE'LL RETURN TO HIS OLD PROGRESSIVE AGENDA?" Panel 3: "IN ANY CASE, I GUESS THAT ABOUT WRAPS UP OUR CONVENTION COVERAGE, EH, ELMONT?" Panel 4: "NOT SO, MARK. I'M STANDING HERE WITH AL GORE..."

ALL THOSE enlightened people, Tory MPs especially, now congratulating the Way Ahead group or whatever it calls itself at the top of the Monarchist Party on suggesting that women should have as good a claim to the crown as men, should ask themselves what they were doing in 1961 when the Labour MP Michael English gave them the chance to vote for exactly that by introducing the Succession to the Crown Bill. Among those who are in the clear are the Tory MPs Janet (now Dame Janet) Footes and rather more surprisingly Harry Gwynne, but previously on my list of angels are flaming radicals, plus the Labour MP Betty Boothroyd, who some of us republicans regard as about the best bet for the head-of-ship today. I KNOW it is early days, but I hope that readers have not noticed the name of the club prominently on top this morning of division three of the Scottish Football League. For fear of tempting providence I do not intend to name it. I will only say that its ground, Central Park, is situated roughly 50 miles south-west of Kilmuir, while its name conjures up words like "mad" and "disease".





Stars and journeymen... Moldova's Constructorul v Unisport fixture is overshadowed by a concert for Hear O Israel, whose devotees are pictured below. Tomorrow, Glenn Hoddle's boys tread the same turf



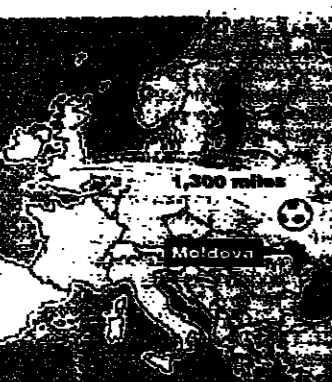
THIS is a report from the most obscure country in Europe. Somewhat unexpectedly, the story also involves a singer who was well-known in the early 1960s, Helen Shapiro, of whom more later.

Miss Shapiro is probably not going to get more famous in the next 48 hours, but the country is. Provided the airport had one of its good days, the England soccer team should have arrived last night in Chisinau, capital of the Republic of Moldova, to play their first qualifying match for the 1998 World Cup.

The magic of football is such that by tomorrow night Moldova's name-recognition in Britain will have increased exponentially, which is important for a small country trying to make its way in the world. The down-side is that by then Moldova will know more about us, and what they learn will be dictated by our footballers and their supporters, not always the most successful or sensitive of diplomats.

It is possible that the fans will trash the centre of Chisinau, and England will play like Charles, struggling to a 0-0 draw before returning home whingeing about what a dump Moldova is, which is what the Welsh did when they played there two years ago.

Playing away with Jews for Jesus



Moldo-where? This obscure country is England's first World Cup stage tomorrow. Matthew Engel finds it full of trees and Wamburgers

Photograph by Don McPhee

Well, I would take Chisinau in preference to Tredegar any day. I have never seen so many trees in a city. The Soviet tower blocks are hideous, of course, but the centre is charming, and the wood-pigeons coo gently in the background: this is Moscow merged with Sleepy Hollow.

Moldova is the eastern part of what the English call either Moldavia or Bessarabia. It is tucked away between Romania and Ukraine, a touch bigger than Wales. The rest of Moldavia is part of Romania, and the Moldovan language is no more than Romanian with an accent. In 1940 this bit was grabbed by Stalin, who Russified Chisinau into Kishinev, and forced the people to use Cyrillic script, an order rescinded exactly seven years ago today.

But the place was not quite ruined. Heavy industry never came here. Instead, Moldova became a sort of Soviet Florida: miners who fulfilled their quotas for enough years in the Arctic Circle were allowed to retire down here, where the winters are normally softer.

Actually, last winter was unusually tough and Moldova ran out of money to pay the Russians for fuel. There is still no hot water and most of the street lights are off. But on Stefan the Great Boulevard (formerly Lenin Prospekt) the pavement cafes are going all night, and so do the Wamburger joints (note to McDonald's lawyers: their syn-

bol is two upturned golden arches - have fun in the Moldovan courts). The summer nights have a relaxed Italianate air. There is jazz on the radio. The beer is drinkable and the wine is very decent. The women are underdressed and not exactly standoffish. A football supporter might think it was heaven. After a few drinks, a gnarled old Guardian hack began to think it was pretty OK.

Even in the rougher parts of town, the usual East Bloc smell of piss and decay is mitigated by something more agreeable: cheese blinzies. I think there is corruption, poverty and gangsterism - but less of all of these than in Russia or Ukraine or all those places ending in -stan. There are both fewer beggars and fewer Mercedes.

When the Soviet Union broke up, most thought Moldova would join Romania. But they don't know what an unexpected taste for raveling their own affairs, although the minority of Russian-speakers in the east had their own views and splintered from the splinter, setting up the state of Trans-Dniestria.

No one takes much notice, however. Even government ministers still cross the supposed frontier without problems, and the soccer team from the Trans-Dniestrian capital, Tiraspol, carries on playing in the Moldovan League as though nothing had happened. The West expects Trans-Dniestria to give up calmly. Moldova would like to be known, if only for its wine and apple juice so it can make some money and switch the lights back on. But it is Bosnia and Chechnya that everyone has heard of. Moldova's obscurity comes from the good fortune of living in uninteresting times.

The prisoner with a load off his mind

Duncan Campbell introduces Charles Bronson, who explains, below, his attempt at a world record for strength

MOST inmates of jails would like nothing more than to tell prison officers to get off their backs. This weekend, however, the man described as Britain's most violent inmate will not only be inviting an officer to clamber on to his back, but will be carrying out hundreds of press-ups with the man's weight bearing down on him.

Charles Bronson, aged 45, who changed his name from Mickey Ferguson to that of the American actor, is attempting what he describes as a "world record feat of strength" in Belmarsh prison, Woolwich, south London, by spending an hour doing press-ups with an officer on his back. He recently beat the world record for push-ups using the medicine ball which he describes as his "best friend" in prison.

world record is 150 such press-ups carried out by a 20-stone Russian strongman. He's been practising for the attempt by doing 3,500 press-ups a day - albeit without anyone sitting on him.



Bronson, strong and solitary reading for anybody who wants to do over 150 press-ups with a prison officer on their back.

PEOPLE may be wondering why I train for world records. Well, I'll tell you. I'm doing it for horses - lovely, innocent animals. It's people who give me head pains. I'm sick of reading about the ill treatment of horses - of any animals.

Prison tried to destroy me by messing up my head on the Continuum Assessment Scheme [the system that moves disruptive prisoners from jail to jail]. Then Matthew [Matthew Mark - a prison campaigner who has encouraged Bronson to write] popped into my life and I saw a rainbow. There's hope for everybody. I'm the proof, see. A miracle's happened - I went to sleep a mad man, and woke up a genius. Now I write, I draw, I paint and I help others. Cons write to me asking for advice, which I give and they accept. They don't listen to cops or prison or courts, but they listen to me. I "save" a lot of souls.

I'm still Britain's No 1 danger man. My label will never disappear. It took 45 years to get this label; 45 years of my existence! Now it's with me till I stop breathing a man can't be the most violent man one day, then normal the next. It's a label that's for life.

Bronson says that the current world record is 150 such press-ups carried out by a 20-stone Russian strongman. He's been practising for the attempt by doing 3,500 press-ups a day - albeit without anyone sitting on him.

arts

Liam Gallagher wants to smash his brother's head in with a guitar

But it's perfectly normal behaviour for siblings, says psychologist Dorothy Rowe

SHOOTING STARS KENICKIE



Up... What do you call three young Georgia lasses (and a lad) who transport themselves from blushing innocence to a wacky world of eccentric behaviour and hallucinogenic substances? Alice in Sunderland? Or Kenickie, the hottest, hipkiest 16-year-old popsters ever to twang a string on Teesdale?

Up... The band record an eight-track EP, Catsuit City, in an afternoon. Buy the record, they insist, "or we'll kill a big-eyed kitten. Every hour." John Peel shows interest, as does the music press and major record companies.

And away... The A-list A-level combo come to London Splash Club on Thursday to continue their jet-powered rise to global stardom. Their new single, Punka — which moved NME to proclaim "The Best New Band in Britain by about a million miles" — is out this week.

BARRY KYLE



Going... One of the "young turks" making it as a director in the 70s and 80s, Kyle's 15-year stint at the RSC, including 11 as associate director, ended with Moscow Gold by Tariq Ali and Howard Brenton, which was not quite so well received ("a great extravagant jumble").

Going... Adrian Noble's arrival at the RSC heralds the disbanding of the associate director structure, so it's au revoir Barry Kyle.

Gone... Disappearing almost without trace, until now, Kyle has forsaken the West End for the Deep South, forming the expressively titled Swine Palace Productions in Louisiana in the US, and teaching at Louisiana State University. Can Mark Rylance lure him back to the Globe? Watch this space.

WHEN Liam Gallagher stormed out of the passenger lounge at Heathrow 15 minutes before his flight to America he was doing what all brothers do — fight. And he was doing it in the way that families do — in the most public place, causing the most embarrassment and inconvenience to his nearest and dearest. Family fights usually erupt at weddings, christenings and funerals.

Liam hadn't hidden his feelings towards his brother Noel. He's reported as saying of his brother and guitars, "I ****ing hate that twt there. I ****ing hate him. And one day I hope I can smash **** out of him with a ****ing Rickenbacker right on his head." Liam is 23 and Noel 29. In unpeeped years time, will they be giving interviews and talking about past misunderstandings but now they're older and wiser and the best of friends? Or will the hatred deepen and the rift — patched up for the time being — widen?

Liam and Noel will find that if they don't at least appear to get along they'll be criticised by those people who believe families should stick together. The media praise a family when they call it "close", and make no mention of the fact that in a close family the knives go in deep, much more deeply than in those families where self-sufficiency is the rule.

If you grew up with your siblings you have many memories which aren't in words but in touch, taste and smell, memories of being little in a world of giants. All your memories have implications that are neither good nor bad but both. That's the problems of siblings. You love them and you hate them.

If you're the first born you begin life as an only child. People speak of lonely ones, but the great advantage is, as my son, an only, said, "You don't have to share." The rivalry between the sisters Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine started the moment Joan was born. Olivia's father wasn't interested in her, so for 18 months she enjoyed the undivided attention of her mother. Then Joan arrived. According to their biographer, Charles Higham, this was when Olivia developed her technique, later used to great advantage in films, of creating heroic crying fits which got her all the attention of the adults around her.

jealous. A few years ago she discovered my post arrived at 7.30am. "I have to wait till the afternoon for mine!" she cried in that familiar tone of "It's not fair!". Having to share means siblings also learn how to compete. Many people say this competition made them stronger, but in saying this they tend to overlook just how painful the competition was at the time. In competing for a space of your own, or for the parents' attention and goods, children can be vicious with one another.

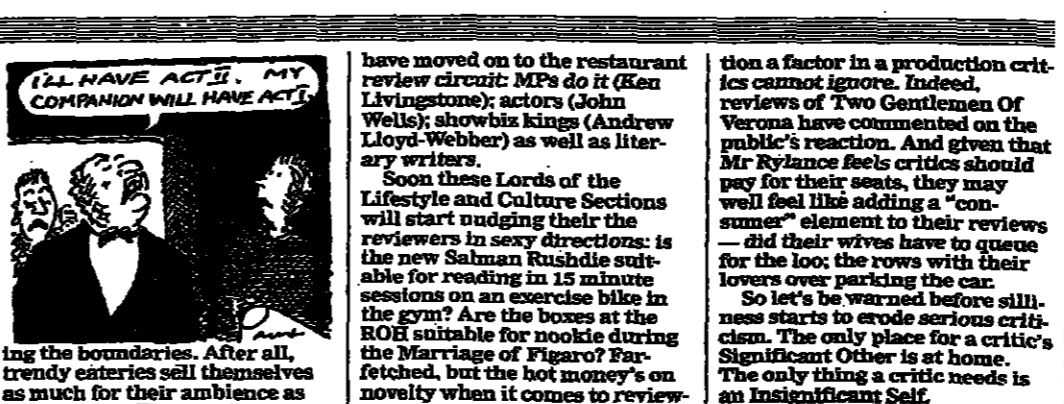
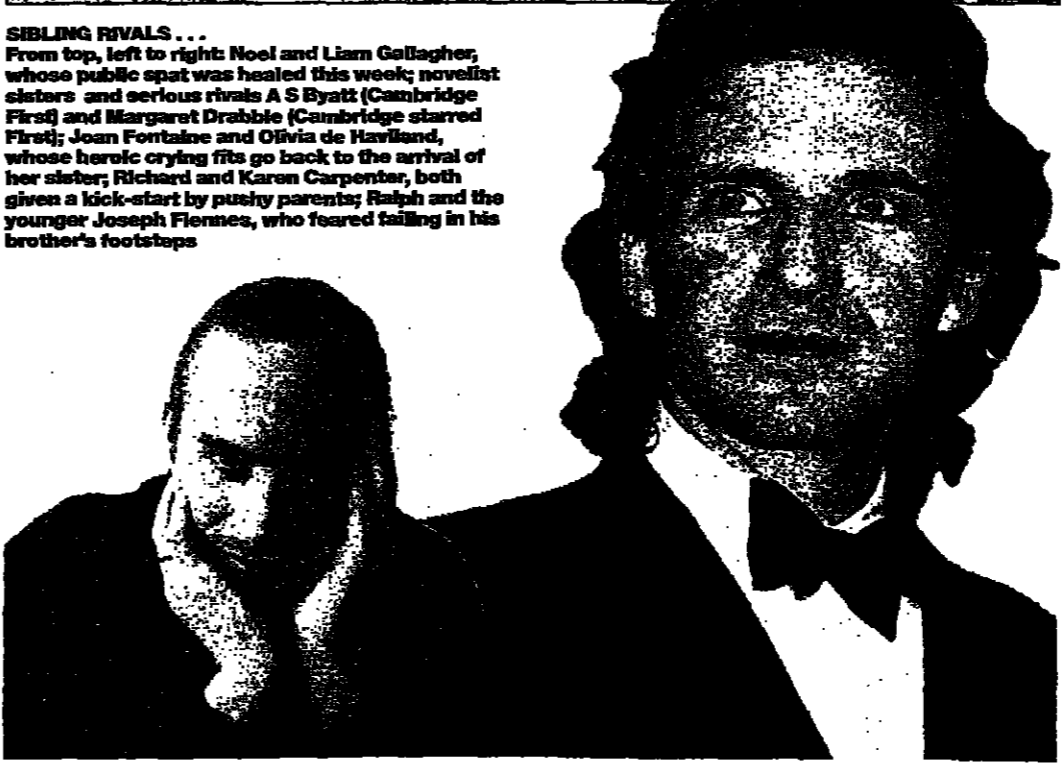
As small children our sense of being a person is constantly under threat because we know so little of the world, we make so many mistakes, and other, older people can bamboozle us and use their power over us to humiliate and hurt us. Having your big brother steal the little shells you were treasuring can be more devastating than having your opera bomb or the critics slate your acting. Siblings are very good at knowing just what matters to you most. Olivia de Havilland as a child tried to ignore her sister's existence, something Joan resented very much. "To Olivia's fury, Joan would lash back by exercising a junior sister's prerogative in imitating her elder sibling: a wispy shadow she would trail behind her, mimicking her," says Higham. Children, thus attacked, fight back. When the adults ban physical fighting the children fight in other ways, competing wherever competition is possible.

The only way to avoid such competition is to withdraw from that particular activity. Thus many siblings grow up with greatly different abilities and interests. The three Attenborough brothers avoided a great deal of competition by becoming interested in different things. David took to biology, geology and climbing, Richard to acting, and John, the youngest, to aeroplanes. When, during the war, David had gone into the Navy and Richard into the RAF, John felt that, despite his interest in flying, only the Army was left for him.

Competing can become an ingrained habit which persists even when the need is well outgrown. When Lyn Barber interviewed John Selwyn Gummer, Minister for the Environment, and his younger brother Peter, now a Lord and Chairman of the Opera House, she noticed how John did most of the talking, often butted in when she was asking Peter questions, and, no matter what anecdote Peter told, John appeared it with one of his own. John appeared to be still keeping his young brother in his place.

Some younger siblings suffer low esteem and fear they may not be able to match up to their high achieving brothers or sisters. Joseph's career has followed the identical path to his brother Ralph's — from art college, to drama school to the RSC. He recently told this paper: "The worst thing that I could imagine was that I'd be a terrible actor and that I would end up embarrassing him all the time."

Many first-borns feel that the compensation for losing the heaven of being the only child is



SIBLING RIVALS... From top, left to right: Noel and Liam Gallagher, whose public spat was heated this week; novelist sisters and serious rivals A.S. Byatt (Cambridge First) and Margaret Drabble (Cambridge starred First); Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland, whose heroic crying fits got back to the arrival of her sister; Richard and Karen Carpenter, both given a kick-start by pushy parents; Ralph and the younger Joseph Flomies, who feared falling in his brother's footsteps

that they have life-long domination over their younger siblings. No doubt this is one of the causes of Liam's anger with his brother. Yet, by storming out as he did, Liam showed himself to be one of those younger siblings who might rage against the older sibling's domination, but, at the same time, wants the older sibling to carry the responsibility that he himself is not prepared to shoulder.

Biographies of successful siblings usually show an ambitious parent who pushed the children and, in many cases, used the rivalry between the children as a way of spurring them to greater effort. This was certainly the case for the Drabble girls. Mrs Drabble planned that they should go to Cambridge, so they did. Antonia was a hard act to follow, getting a scholarship to Cambridge and then a First. Margaret got a scholarship too, but then a starred First. Margaret was first to write a novel and her novels have outshone Antonia's until fairly recently when the weight and depth of Antonia's work has been properly appreciated.

For some siblings the only connection between them is their competition, but for others there is a more complex closeness. In the case of Julian and Andrew Lloyd-Webber come up with different theories about the degree of jealousy Julian feels towards Andrew and about the degree of help Andrew has given Julian. But one thing comes through clearly — the feeling of loss Julian experienced when at school they went their separate ways. They both attended Westminster Prep where Andrew was known as Lloyd-Webber One and Julian Lloyd-Webber Two, something that kept the younger boy in his place. Yet when Andrew went to board at Westminster Great School on a scholarship and Julian, not so academically inclined, did not go on to join him, Julian felt deserted. Thirty-five years later he could say: "I was 10 and I missed him terribly."

Independence can be lonely, but dependence can inhibit and stunt. If both siblings are creative, and their creativities coincide, then the dilemma is all the greater. Families can be supportive, but they can also be each other's most knowing critics. In an artistic collaboration, that criticism is present at the most intimate point of creativity. L.P. Hartley in his novel *Eustace and Hilma* showed how a younger brother can become so dependent on his older sister that he cannot operate without her. Such dependence usually grows out of necessity but can continue after the need has gone.

The tragedy of a closeness that becomes a symbiosis is seen in the lives of Richard and Karen Carpenter. They too had pushy perfectionist parents, but Karen looked for her support and guidance to Richard to such an extent that she could not conceive of living without him. After her death Richard described her as being "unnaturally possessive" of him, but actually he maintained the conditions whereby she could be possessive of him. He has said: "In a sense it was the end of my career when Karen died. I believe that Karen and I were put here to make music together. Our talents complemented each other and our voices blended beautifully."

Notions about God's purposes usually derive from parents, but it is hard to disentangle the effects parents have on children from the effects children have on one another. Parents often claim that they have brought up each child in the same way, but this is never the case. Parents often impose a different role on each child. This is the pretty one. This is the brainy one. That one's artistic. Once a role is imposed it's hard to shake it off. Parents take their feelings out differently on each child. Murry Wilson, father of the Beach Boys Brian, Dennis and Carl, "beat the hell out of" Brian, and Dennis even more, but Carl hardly at all.

How do siblings over the years manage to put aside their differences and become friends? By talking. Antonia Byatt has described how she and her sister Margaret spend time together talking about the past, about their lives and the lives of their parents and grandparents. They see and accept that each has her own version of their shared history and how, as the years pass, their versions of their history develop and change. There must have been many occasions when each of them, knowing that the other will not accept it, said, "Sorry, I envy them this. My sister is one of those rare people, someone who has never, in her whole life, done anything which warrants this word 'sorry', and if I try to say that she has hurt me she files into a rage. I find this sad. It must be nice to have a sibling who is also a best friend."

Perhaps Liam and Noel will ponder these two possible outcomes and take Bob Hoskins's advice, "It's good to talk."

The second edition of Dorothy Rowe's *Depression: The Way Out Of Your Prison* will be published by Routledge on September 5.

Food for thought

Provocations John Cunningham

CAN you imagine a theatre critic behaving as outrageously during a play as Michael Winner does in a different restaurant every week, then putting his petulance at the centre of his review? Or a music critic covering a concert in the manner of Winner's Sunday Times colleague A.A. Gill — more about babes and boobs than Brahms and Beethoven? Or an opera review larded with info about the critic's relationship with his Significant Other in the manner of the Observer's foodie, Will Self? Crazy could never happen. Evaluating books and performances is too serious a business

for the broadsheets and arts magazines to muck about with. Whether or not we agree with what they say, we must respect them because of the acuity of their judgments and their accumulated wisdom. Not so crazy could start to happen. Consider how food and football have become the pillars of the cultural pantheon; sure they're there for decoration rather than gravitas in the manner of the Young Turks who edit the culture and lifestyle sections of the broadsheets can innovate by redefining the role of the critic, or at least loosen-

ALL HAVE ACTED, MY COMPANION WILL HAVE ACTED

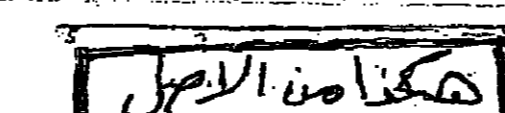


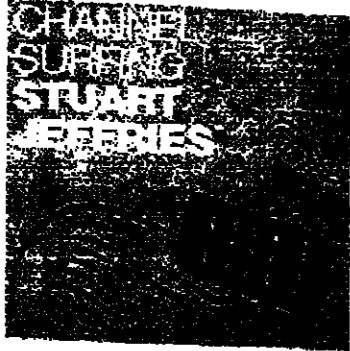
ing the boundaries. After all, trendy eateries sell themselves as much for their ambience as their menus. They are in the performance business; customers see no reason why they shouldn't interact. And it's a short step for the critics to start strutting their stuff and swap passivity for participation. The barriers that might stop this trend washing over into serious criticism of the arts seem solid, but are flimsier than we might think. The big egos

have moved on to the restaurant review circuit: MPs do it (Ken Livingstone), actors (John Wells), showbiz kings (Andrew Lloyd-Webber) as well as literary writers. Soon these Lords of the Lifestyle and Culture Sections will start judging their reviewers in sexy directions: is the new Salman Rushdie suitable for reading in 15 minute sessions on an exercise bike in the gym? Are the boxes at the ROH suitable for nookie during the Marriage of Figaro? Far-fetched, but the hot money's on novelty when it comes to reviewing. What's more, producers and publishers yearn for new tricks. Consider this: you might have thought that by recreating the Globe Theatre, Mark Rylance was cementing Shakespeare in classic. Think again: the revived Elizabethan practice of the "groundlings" — that is, the playgoers standing in the pit, hooting, hissing and cheering — will make audience participa-

tion a factor in a production critics cannot ignore. Indeed, reviews of *Two Gentlemen Of Verona* have commented on the public's reaction. And given that Mr Rylance feels critics should pay for their seats, they may well feel like adding a "consumers" element to their reviews — did their wives have to queue for the loo; the rows with their lovers over parking the car. So let's be warned before stillness starts to erode serious criticism. The only place for a critic's Significant Other is at home. The only thing a critic needs is an insignificant Self.

Advertisement for 'The Daily Deal' and 'The Guardian' featuring 'BY JEEVES DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE' and 'THE MOST UNPRETENTIOUSLY ENJOYABLE SHOW IN LONDON'.





Selina's eyebrows

IN AN Intimate History Of Humanity, Theodore Zeldin wisely writes: "The right to express yourself still leaves you with the need to decide what to say, to find someone to listen, and to make your words sound beautiful; these are skills which need to be acquired." He's clearly been watching LIVE TV.

For that is the characteristic experience of surfing 48 channels; there is the framework of freedom, but no content. No matter how many buttons you pushed, it was impossible to get away from Liam Gallagher. Everybody had the same clip, the reporter so far up his backside that she could sing lead vocals on Liam's behalf for the rest of Oasis's US tour.

This coyness between interviewer and interviewee was a fitting prelude to The Selina Scott Show (NBC Super Channel). Selina's eyebrows danced, sending out seductive messages to her guest, fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi, whose eyebrows replied with equal ardour. Which was just as well because verbal communication proved impossible.

"We've seen your collection," she began, those bedroom eyebrows asking if he came here often. "Which is wow-ing them all." We may have longed to be wow-ed, but we saw nothing of Isaac's collection, unless the horrible anorak and T-shirt he was wearing were part of it.

She asked: "What is it you are doing Isaac in terms of fashion in America? I have watched people walking around in trainers and T-shirts. Men and women. Who buys clothes in America?" Not so much a question as a cry for help. Make your words sound beautiful. These are skills that need to be acquired. What was the question again? Selina, eyebrows asking to be

invited back for coffee, listened while Isaac said that his collection broke through national barriers: "I think it's for a woman who needs these things... A woman who needs these solutions, these lifestyle solutions." One thought of Patsy and Edina in Morocco, collecting ethnic dress.

She wound up, winking gamely at Isaac's coy sidelong glances. Then she noticed something. The eyebrows reached their thrilling peak: "I love your shoes!" Isaac looked down excitedly, gratefully. And suddenly eloquence was his: "This is exactly what I've been talking about! You see, these are American, but they're Belgian." Like everything else they talked about in this parody of an interview, these Belgo-American mysteries were off camera.

She never asked the key sartorial questions of the day. Why do the men who play Lurchbox Volleyball (LIVE TV) have leopardskin briefs with orange gussets? Can one set fire to News Bunny's suit without being arrested?

Instead, Selina's eyebrows lit a post-coital cigarette and prepared for the next guest.

Tonight With Simon McCoy (Sky One) had an exclusive interview with the Marquessa de Varela, Hello! magazine's international socialite, the kind of woman in need of a Isaac Mizrahi lifestyle solution. She was on the point of quitting the magazine, loading her contacts book on to a large ship and heading for New York: "I'm very much against people who is trying to do me, my life difficult only I think out of jealousy." If only Selina and the Marquessa could meet, one felt sure they would form a close bond.

McCoy was an excellent interviewer during this pointlessly in-depth half-hour inquisition. But then the media is never happier than when cross-examining itself. On Breakfast News (BBC1), Charles Wheeler and Bridget Kendall interviewed each other in Chicago. "Charles, this is your 16th convention. Do the conventions matter any more?"

Apparently not. On The Jay Leno Show (NBC), bored reporter Kevin Nealon had a remote control which could apparently change channels on the vast screen behind the convention podium. Flip, flip, flip — he cut from speeches by people who had the right to express themselves, but less to say. Wasn't there a game on somewhere? Can you get the Shopping Channel in Chicago?

WAVE RIDING ANNE KARPFF

its first performance (invariably a turkey). So did Gamba, but he turned it into the stuff of a Ken Russell movie which he alone could narrate. Those who still love Radio 3 for its (relative) freedom from imploring folk and facing tips will rest easy again. But the problem of widening the network's appeal without patronising the audience won't go away.

The announcement about Gamba's successors was made while media attention was focused on the current bad boy of radio, Chris Evans. Gossip and rumour have their money on Mark Radcliffe as a possible successor, but I don't. Radcliffe is a terrific broadcaster but his numbers and nearly two hours worth of his greatest hits. Billboards was choreographed, and Joffrey hit the commercial jackpot.

There's no question that some kind of huge, fabulous ballet could be created out of Prince's music. A ballet that kicked high off its energy, that fed off its fantasy and

The great grovel

AND SO he's acquiesced. Nicholas Kenyon, controller of Radio 3, has bowed to his buying audience and is to replace Paul Gambaccini in the Morning Collection with three safe, old broadcasting hands: Catriona Young, Peter Bohlen and Henry Gore. At one fell swoop two listener campaigns have been won: Gambaccini will go, and Hobday is saved for the nation.

As with Radio 4 and Gerry Anderson, the format is retained but the front-man changed. And in the manner of broadcasting grandees everywhere, Kenyon professes success in the futile hope of obscuring the failure. What he said was: "The format and content of Morning Collection has been a great success with our listeners and I am very pleased that we have such a strong team of presenters to take the programme forward."

What he meant was: "I had no idea that you were going to hate him, loathe him, abhor him so extremely. He's not possibly the best object to this lot, so let's just forget the whole sorry business."

In fact, after the first couple of weeks with its determinedly easy listening repertoire, Morning Collection's constant was fine and occasionally canny. Gambaccini wasn't. Catriona Young, who's been replacing him all week while he's on holiday, returns Radio 3 mornings to an earlier style: this is radio by announcers rather than names. Young is the kind of low-key presenter who sounds as if she usually trails someone else's programmes, reads the news, and back-announces the title of the last record. She tells us about the origin of the work and

What the critics said

THE VERY HARD ... words like ...



What a bummer... Billboards grossed \$10 million in its first year, but as a ballet it is astonishingly inept

Is this the worst dance ever made?

So you thought Prince was sexy? Not after Joffrey Ballet have had their way with his music. **Judith Mackrell** sits through Billboards

The hype

BILLBOARDS, the Joffrey's international blockbuster of a ballet, may well go down in history as the biggest money spinner in the dance repertoire — having earned \$10 million in its first year. It may also be recorded as the extraordinary present Prince gave to the ballet world. And it will certainly go down in history as one of the worst dances ever made.

The story goes that in 1992 the small, struggling Joffrey Ballet were starting at bankruptcy. They had some fine dancers and an even finer repertoire, but they were finding it very hard to sell themselves. The same year, Prince saw the company performing and got so excited that he offered them some music to dance to — not just a couple of numbers but nearly two hours worth of his greatest hits. Billboards was choreographed, and Joffrey hit the commercial jackpot.

There's no question that some kind of huge, fabulous ballet could be created out of Prince's music. A ballet that kicked high off its energy, that fed off its fantasy and

raunchier mode of Trust, Dean tries to rev up her own dance, to embrace the effect. Slow glides explode into high kicks, split jumps and some old-fashioned boogeying, but these are all danced with Dean's trademark serene pulse, lacking any of the hard syncopation of the music. It all looks hopelessly polite and the cast are left looking like a bunch of Sunday school teachers trying to let their hair down.

Charles Moulton tries feebly for something dither in Thunder, where the dancers are bizarrely dressed by Charles Atlas to suggest Ronald MacDonald on drugs. Men in green wigs and strappy tights wander around with their groins thrusting idly and ineffectually at any woman who passes them. The women themselves, in trousers that bear their bumps, skip natty out of the way led by a high stepping virago who keeps everyone in line by brandishing a carpet beater. Kinky comedy surrealism, jolly larks? It's probably best not to know what was going through Moulton's mind when he made it, and best too to draw a veil over his other effort, Purple Rain. This strange, mously anguished solo comes

across as bombastic trumpery of clichés, and the only thing that makes it watchable is the dark drenched gaze and expressive control of Beatriz Rodriguez, who's unlucky enough to dance it. The final moments are impossible to look at, though, when Moulton has Rodriguez lying in a jibbering heap for minutes on end — a fine dancer ground under the heel of appalling choreography.

Rodriguez has more fun in Margot Sappington's Slide (Billboard number three) which is choreographed in a sub-William Forsythe mode of rampant narcissism and acrobatic distortion. Derivative though it may be, it's probably the most consistent of all the sections and the most sure of itself. Yet, oddly, it's the last section, Peter Pucci's Wilting and Able — the thinnest and tuckiest of them all — that comes closest to Prince's spirit. Though whole passages are squandered on second hand, badly danced jazz routines, it does get briefly convincingly sleazy: Mia Wilkins, the female lead, dances like a natural tramp on brittle strutting legs, her torso rippling and swaying with a boneless, drunken

sensuality, while her partner Pierre Lockett can certainly flaunt his stuff as shamelessly as the man this ballet is meant to be about. The point where he falls to his knees in front of Wilkins, sliding his face down to her groin while all the time eyeing the audience with a smouldering come-on, is one of only two moments when we get a frisson. The other is when Wilkins, with delicate ruthlessness, slides her shoe into his open mouth.

Nothing, however, distracts us from the fact that Billboards is an astonishingly inept ballet, and Wednesday night's audience certainly responded pretty coolly. There was nothing like the noise that erupted several years ago at the opening of Christopher Bruce's Roster for London City Dance Theatre — and that was a much more serious work — not only making sexy infectious dance to early Rolling Stones but also making tender mockery of the lyrics' strutting machismo.

Watching Billboards you feel that Joffrey's dancers have been prostituted to this commercial monster, and for three years they've danced little else. Some dancers have left in protest, many that remain look in poor technical shape. Even when Billboards has run its course, the company may have trouble returning to the work they care about, because everyone will be wanting Billboards II. If the Joffrey don't tread carefully they may find they have paid for survival with their heart and their soul.

Corrections: On 26 August 1996, Hilary Strong, Director of the Festival Fringe, was quoted in the Guardian as saying: "You need to remove any evidence of the Sun Bottom and also the sequence where the boy is fondling his crotch." We have been asked to point out that the Prominent Features show in Edinburgh was not covered by Ms Strong in any way. Any impression given that she or the Edinburgh Festival Fringe Society endeavoured to censor Fringe shows is regretted.

Andrew Clements hails Four Saints in Three Acts at the Edinburgh Playhouse

Give the man a halo

The triumph

VIRGIL Thomson, composer and virtuosic critic, died in 1989 at the age of 93. He had combined his two trades for most of his life, but he is best remembered now for his writing, witty and often cruelly partisan; the most enduring of his music was his early work, composed in Paris between 1925 and 1940, and the most famous of those pieces was his first collaboration with Gertrude Stein, the opera Four Saints in Three Acts.

Houston Grand Opera marked Thomson's centenary earlier this year with a new production of Four Saints, and now brings it to Edinburgh for four performances. Director, designer and general moving spirit behind this remarkable show is Robert Wilson, who cherished the idea of staging the piece for almost 30 years before Houston finally gave him the right opportunity.

It is a perfect vehicle for Wilson's stage magic — an opera with no narrative thread, almost no plot, and a structure that subverts the whole notion of dramatic form: despite the title there are four acts, elided and overlapped, with scenes sometimes reduced to a single line or repeated and re-ordered. And Thomson's score, very and unimportantly, with Erik Satie as his guardian angel, catches the tone of Stein's text perfectly.

Wilson's production discards most of the scant staging information the libretto provides to create a dramatic world that counterpoints Stein's and Thomson's perfectly. Each character — not only the four saints of the title, but also the other 15 saints and the compere and commere who comment on and attempt to articulate the "action" — is given his or her own exquisitely drawn and coloured image out of some Orliko fantasy world, their movements mapped in slow-motion



Sheep might fly... Robert Wilson's stunning setting for the opera

choreography while dream-like symbols weave around them. It is beguiling, entrancingly lit and often very witty; if Wilson's treatments of matrastream operas in the past have often seemed achingly laboured and po-faced, Four Saints appears to have allowed him to relax and enjoy himself.

That enjoyment certainly gives the Houston performance a real

sense of enthusiasm. It's impossible to imagine Four Saints better, more convincingly presented than it is here; the leading performers — Ashley Putnam, Sanford Sylvan, Gran Wilson, Marietta Simpson and Wilbur Paulley — sing their lines stylishly and meaningfully as Stein's litany of non sequiturs was as potent as a libretto by Da Ponte or Boito; the chorus move with

well-oiled elegance, and the orchestral playing (the Royal Scottish National Orchestra) under Richard Bado is crisp and attentive. It may not be an opera anyone needs to experience more than once, but Wilson's exceptional visual imagination casts a spell which lasts at least for the 90-minute duration of this show.

There are two final performances today.

Derek Malcolm in Venice catches the world premiere of Barry Levinson's Sleepers

Bad Boys Inc

THE opening night's celebrations at Venice swung along via the presentation of a Golden Lion for Lifetime Achievement to Dustin Hoffman as the world premiere of Barry Levinson's Sleepers, in which Hoffman appears with Robert De Niro for the first time.

The film revealed Hoffman in good form, playing what is virtually a cameo role of a drunken lawyer engaged to defend two young murderers. As in Michael Mann's Heat — where great play was made about De Niro and Al Pacino acting together for the first time — the pair are in the same frame but hardly strike sparks off one another.

The film itself is a rather ponderous 140-minute adaptation of Lorenzo Carcaterra's autobio-

graphic novel about a group of boys from Hell's Kitchen, New York, who almost kill someone in a youthful prank, get sent to reform school, where they are tortured and sexually abused, and come out emotionally crippled.

Considering the current child abuse scandals, this is a queasy subject, and already gay groups are scandalised by the idea that homosexuality represented chiefly in the film by Kevin Bacon as a sadistic warder, are blamed for the boys' catharsis.

De Niro contributes a solid, rather self-effacing performance as the Catholic priest who is the only person to whom the boys can turn. Hoffman, as the lawyer, is also careful not to overdo things but certainly brightens up a film

that heavily underlines its points while never appearing to understand why some people might find it objectionable.

It is fairly certain that Levinson did not intend it to be. His construction of the story is that the boys went wrong by accident and were subject to such a regime in reform school that they come out determined to take revenge on society. This is the sixties, though he suggests that things haven't changed that much.

At least the film is careful not to show much violence and to suggest rather than dramatise the sexual abuse. But you can't help feeling that his four boys — played as youngsters by Joe Ferrini, Brad Renfro, Geoffrey Wigdor and Jonathan Tucker — are latterday

versions of those in Boys' Town, with De Niro cast in the Spencer Tracy role as Father Bobby from the Church of Holy Angels.

The playing of the boys is especially good, and is not often matched by such as Brad Pitt and Jason Patrick as the two who escape their sad environment. And the social point is liberal and well taken by Levinson. But the playing of the boys in prison should have been thought about more, since it is done by guards who have access to the outer world, not by sex-starved inmates. Do we really still believe that homosexuals are predatory perverts endangering our children? That may be what many people will take away from the film, not the fact that social conditions have made the murderers what they are.

Soccer: World Cup qualifying competition

David Lacey says Glenn Hoddle's England must show their Group Two rivals that what happened in Euro 96 was no caprice

Method in Batty thoughts

Moldova v England

MOLDOVA is used to being rolled over. For centuries it was plied in the middle to Russia and Turkey...

when England met Brazil in last year's Umbro Cup. Hoddle has several times pointed up the difference between playing European Championship matches at Wembley in front of a large home crowd and slogging it out for World Cup points in a Balkan backwater...

ner to Paul Ince's role as anchorman. Not that Ince's role under the new England management has been defined; Hoddle may want him to withdraw to the back three. However, this would remove Ince's attacking drive from midfield and with it one of the mainstays of England's counter-attacks...

Shearer the new England captain

ALAN SHEARER will lead England's campaign to qualify for the 1998 World Cup, writes David Lacey. The 26-year-old Newcastle United striker was named captain by Glenn Hoddle yesterday as the players flew out to Kishinev for tomorrow's game against Moldova...

ample of Graham Taylor, who gave the arm-bands to Gary Lineker after taking over the squad from Bobby Robson in 1990. "I won't change," said Shearer. "Obviously I'm delighted but there will have to be 11 captains out there. I don't think it will affect my goalscoring but, if something needs changing on the field, then I'll change it."

Clearly Hoddle sees Shearer as England captain for more than just tomorrow's game. Tony Adams, who led England in Euro 96, has missed the start of the season after another knee operation and David Platt is also unfit and no longer sure of regaining his place in the England side when he is fit...

Wales v San Marino

AS BANANA skins go, Wales' World Cup qualifier against the part-timers of San Marino in Cardiff this afternoon is pretty skid-proof. Bobby Gould's team thrashed San Marino 5-0 in their opening tie in June and an equally professional job is expected today...

Northern Ireland v Ukraine

WHEN Iain Dowie declared this week that "life could be easier" for Northern Ireland's footballers, he was referring to the centre-forward was simply reiterating a sentiment his country's supporters have felt for some time...

Liechtenstein v Rep of Ire

MICK MCCARTHY invests in youngsters today as the Republic of Ireland open their World Cup campaign against Liechtenstein in Vaduz with only four survivors from the team embarrassed by a 0-0 draw in this Alpine venue 14 months ago...



Renaissance man... Ferguson is set to lead Scotland's line in Vienna

Patrick Glenn on the strong, silent striker ready to serve Scotland

Ferguson keeping his head for the action

Austria v Scotland

THE day after Duncan Ferguson was given a year's probation for his part in a fracas in a pub - his third conviction at the time - Alex Smith, the former Aberdeen manager who is also a publican in Stirling, spotted the striker tearing flowers out of a carefully decorated roadside display...

he was blackballed, something almost unheard-of for the son of a lodge member. And with his refusal to talk to the media the Everton striker has unwittingly turned himself into an advertiser's dream. "Yes, Duncan will have to do his talking on the field, I'm afraid," said the almost apologetic Scotland manager Craig Brown to the assembled company here in the Austrian capital...

Glasgow - as well as one for drink-driving, Ferguson has long since perceived journalists as his personal demons. In fact it has been his singular capacity for finding controversy, as unerringly as a heat-seeking missile, which has nourished news editors. Among his indiscretions were the head-butting of an off-duty policeman at a Stirling taxi-rank and an assault on a man at the same location...

Hoddle's key player is the hand of fate



David Lacey

LISTENERS to BBC Radio's 606 programme last Saturday could have been forgiven for wondering why Glenn Hoddle was bothering to begin the task of qualifying for the 1998 World Cup in a faraway place of which most people knew very little. Indeed, what was the purpose of Hoddle being in charge of England at all? Lucidly and logically one caller carved a verbal swath through the new England set-up. While conceding that Hoddle had achieved a modicum of success at Swindon, whence the call came, this critic seriously questioned both the new coach's credentials as well as those of his assistants...

ment and running an international side, which often comes down to making a right decision or a wrong decision there, plus huge strokes of luck, good or bad, at crucial moments. As Hoddle settles into a job which has seen a number of good football men grow perpetually old on the media's pillory, he will be aware of how fine the margin between universal acclaim and national vilification can be. Bobby Robson is now affectionately remembered as the man who guided England to the World Cup semi-finals in 1990. But had a 30-yard shot from Tarasiewicz in the last minute of the decisive qualifier against Poland in Katowice dipped under the crossbar instead of hitting it Robson might not have taken England to Italia '90 at all. Graham Taylor was turned up for England's poor showing in the 1992 European Championship but how different might things have been had Stuart Pearce's free-kick crossed the goal line after hitting the French bar in the second game? It is an enduring paradox of the England situation that so many hopes and fears are embodied in one man when so much is beyond that man's control. In next to no time Hoddle has experienced two of the job's biggest frustrations - lack of proper preparation time and lack of bodies. While the present crop of injuries are no doubt genuine, the number of players who have reported unfit for international duty in Moldova has done nothing to allay the cynical view that, if England fail to qualify for the next World Cup, certain managers will be mightily relieved not to be losing their stars between Premiership and European campaigns. How can one think otherwise when a manager openly admits that he would like to pull a fit player out of Hoddle's squad if he could only find a plausible reason for doing so? In fact, if some of those declared unfit for England tomorrow appear for their clubs three days later, the FA surely ought to introduce a rule banning such casualties from playing immediately before and after the international fixture concerned. At least this would have spared a clearly below-par Paul Neville an uncomfortable half-hour against Georgios Davas, Blackburn's Greek winger, last Sunday.

Arsenal chase £4m Caniggia

Martin Thorpe

ARSENAL are chasing the Argentinean international striker Claudio Caniggia and are understood to have lodged a £4 million bid with his club Boca Juniors. But, though the 29-year-old veteran of two World Cup campaigns is a class player, he also comes with a reputation of a different kind. He was banned from soccer for 18 months after testing positive for cocaine after a Serie A game for Roma and, while on loan to Benfica, was beaten up by home supporters who felt he had not lived up to expectations. Caniggia, a close friend of Diego Maradona, is out of contract at Boca and looking for a move to England, having already been linked with Blackburn. Leeds United are interested in two members of the Ukraine team who play Northern Ireland today. Viktor Leonenko is a 26-year-old striker and Oleg Luzhnyi a 28-year-old right wing-back.

Both with Dynamo Kiev, they are available at around £2 million each. Leicester City have signed the Ipswich Town forward Jan Marshall for £800,000. Second Division Bristol Rovers have been given the go-ahead by safety inspectors to play Stockport County at the Memorial Ground today.



Performance of the week: Lars Bohinen (Blackburn Rovers), who mastered Manchester United's midfield at Old Trafford on Sunday.

Team talk

Table with columns for team names and scores. Arsenal 06, Ipswich Town 19, Sheffield United 15, Aston Villa 11, Leeds United 03, Sheffield Wed. 14, Birmingham 24, Leicester City 05, Southampton 20, Blackburn 31, Liverpool 04, Stoke City 30, Bolton 26, Man. City 02, Sunderland 27, Brentford 24, Man. United 01, Tottenham Hot. 07, Burnley 31, Middlesbrough 23, West Ham 12, Chelsea 08, Millwall 29, Wimbledon 26, Coventry City 17, Newcastle Utd 16, Wolves 37, Derby County 28, Norwich City 16, Colts 09, Everton 05, Nottm. Forest 13, Rangers 10, Hudd. Town 32, QPR 25.

Deaf ear turned to Ball change

Soccer Diary

Martin Thorpe

FRANCIS LEE was perfectly frank this week about where the blame lay for Alan Ball's departure. "It's clear the fans wanted a change," he said.

But hang on a minute. Are these not the same fans who nearly 14 months ago warned Lee he was making a mistake by appointing Ball to the first place? For instance Dave Wallace, who was the fans' representative on the board at the time, criticised the impending arrival of Ball in print. In fact the next day he received a telephone call from Lee and a stand-up row ensued.

During this the chairman pointed out that everyone he had spoken to said what a great appointment Ball would be. Funny, said Wallace, but everyone he had spoken to said they were going to send back their season tickets in protest. A number of fans even went to the ground to denounce the appointment publicly.

So perhaps Lee should be given another chance to say where the blame lies. How about: "Yes, I admit it. I made a huge mistake in signing Alan Ball."

By the way, City fans are finding it hard to understand how Lee, who made his fortune out of toilet paper, could not recognise a byline manager when he saw one.

AND finally on this subject: an anagram of Francis Lee is Fires Clean and of Alan Ball is All Banal.

BOBBY GOULD has been many things in his managerial career — a success, a failure, controversial, unemployed. But he also has another crayon in his pencil box, as a football shirt designer.

The World Cup qualifier with San Marino this afternoon will see the debut of Wales's new kit under a £1 million, four-year deal with the Italian sportswear company Lotto. And Gould designed the third-change white shirt.

A natty number containing red flecks, the Wales manager "set down with Lotto and designed it with a specific eye on fashion sales. It goes very well with jeans". Where have we heard that before?

But this is no new career for Gould. He takes credit for introducing red into Chelsea's kit strip in the late Seventies and, when manager of West Bromwich Albion, "I asked if I could design my own strip."

"They said 'yes'. So I said I want Melchester Rovers". So we had the red and yellow stripes with red shorts as the change strip. And we rarely got beaten away from home wearing it.

Do not put your shirt on its latest offering for Wales having the same effect.

THESE foreigners are grasping the English game with more than their soccer skills. First there was Vialli: "I have not come to England to be the big star. Here when I want something, I am careful. I ask for it with manners."

Then there was Ravanelli after trying to get Jerkan sent off during last weekend's game: "I want to apologise to Nicola and Forzano. While it is something that is done in Italy, I appreciate that it is not done in England. I'm sorry it happened and it won't happen again."

And then there was Leboeuf when asked how he was settling in at Chelsea: "When you play simply, with humility, you can integrate easily."

Now, can you imagine any English players saying things like that?

APPARENTLY Newcastle are embracing the current fad of employing a top-class athlete as a fitness coach. They have chosen Steve Smith because unless the players start performing soon, they are going to be in for the high jump (and so is the gag writer with jokes like that).

ATHLETICO Madrid, the Spanish champions, will be digging for victory at the home of their rivals Real tomorrow.

When the Spanish League kicks off Atletico will face Caixa Vigo at the Bembica Stadium. Atletico's newly sown grass at their own Vicente Calderon Stadium has failed to take root after an invasion of worms.



Piper calls the tune... Warwickshire's wicketkeeper stumps Shahid at The Oval yesterday. PHOTOGRAPH: TOM JENKINS

Kent v Nottinghamshire Walker steps up

Paul Weaver at Tunbridge Wells

ANYONE would think Matthew Walker did not like batting. His only views on cricket in the game's Who's Who concern the inadequacy of the lunch and tea intervals. "Lunch should be an hour and tea 35 minutes," he declares.

His performance this year tell a different story. He came into the Kent side at the beginning of the month and scored 87 and 15 against Worcestershire, followed by 40 and 11 not out against Northants. Then came 275 and 48 against Somerset, both not out, and 53 against Glamorgan — 500 runs at an average of 136 before this match.

The chunky left-hander was at it again yesterday. He held the innings together after losing his opening partner David Fulton for a fifth-ball duck and seeing Trevor Ward default. He had made 49 out of 107 when he edged Chris Tolley to Wayne Noon, who took an excellent left-handed catch.

Martin McCague (four for 55) and Fleming (three for 34) were the most successful bowlers.

Scoreboard

Table with multiple columns showing cricket match scores, including team names, player names, and run counts. Includes sections for Kent v Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire v Worcestershire, and Yorkshire v Essex.

Lloyd calls for more swagger from England

David Lloyd, the England coach, has demanded a more passionate display from his young one-day side as they attempt to win the one-day Texaco Trophy this weekend.

England, who face Pakistan at Edgbaston today and Trent Bridge tomorrow, won by five wickets at Old Trafford on Thursday.

Lloyd said: "The style was there at Old Trafford but now we want a bit of swagger as well. Pakistan are a fanatical team with fanatical supporters and I would like a slice of that for our team."

"It's important to show on the field that we're all together, we're out there as a team. It tells the opposition something."

Peter Martin and Adam Hoolioake, the two players left out on Thursday, may be given a chance today.

Derbyshire v Worcestershire A for Adams?

Paul Fitzpatrick at Chesterfield

AS one of the most consistent, and certainly most improved, batsmen of the summer the 26-year-old Chris Adams must now be close to booking his place on England's A tour to Australia this winter.

On a day when Derbyshire played themselves within sight of an eighth championship victory, Adams compiled his sixth hundred of the season, a high-class effort which comprised blistering shot-making with a good technique.

Only Peter Kirsten, who scored eight centuries, and John Wright and Mohammad Azharuddin (seven apiece) have scored more hundreds for Derbyshire in a season than Adams and there is still time for him to overtake the three of them.

His 123, which included 25 off one over from Leppitt, was the major contribution to a Derbyshire total of 471, an improvement of 233 on Worcestershire's effort. It was not the only Derbyshire hundred, though. Tim O'Gorman also looked a batsman of high class yesterday, albeit against a modest attack; Moody's six for 82 were his best figures for the county.

Derbyshire wasted little time ramming home their advantage. Weston was palpably leg-before to DeFreitas and Curtis fell in similar fashion to Kitchener, who still looked on a high after learning that a President Nelson Mandela had agreed to act as a patron on his testimonial committee.

Then came the real breakthrough. Catches do not come better than the one O'Gorman took in the gully to dismiss Hick off DeFreitas and, six overs later, Krikken scooped up another down the leg side to remove Moody; Solanki also departed to a third fine catch in the slips by Adams.

There does not look a massive amount of resistance to come; it is possible that Illingworth, who has a broken off one over from Leppitt to bat; and it is impossible to see Worcestershire, 100 runs in arrears at the close, digging themselves out of a deep hole.

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Cricket County Championship: Surrey v Warwickshire

Second Hoolioake puts down roots

David Foot at The Oval

SURREY are playing like a team preparing for a final assault on the title. So far they have built a first-innings lead of 204 and Warwickshire, in the absence of their main strike bowler Shaun Pollock, will do well to avoid defeat here.

In last night's deteriorating light Surrey's batsmen had no wish to depart the crease — at least not Chris Lewis. Rather like Oasli's Liam Gallagher, that other controversial figure of the moment, he may have been missing when he was needed, yet now he is being embraced and is ready to take the field.

When Surrey came back to the pavilion on 429 for seven, Lewis was 80 not out. He had gone in at No. 7, taken no chances, played some pretty selective shots — hitting controlled sizes off Munton and Aitree — and then led the applause, tinged with tangible sympathy, when Ben Hoolioake was out four short of a half-century on his first Championship appearance.

Lewis was understandably ecstatic; he also has the emerging Liam Botham on his books, so it has been a good second part of the week for him.

Now he wants to see renewed Test recognition for his enigmatic Surrey client, who on the present evidence is playing and behaving impeccably.

The acclaim for Hoolioake was not misplaced: his seven boundaries and a perfect six off Brown were part of a well-composed innings that should be the prelude to a career at least as good as his brother Adam's. Correct and vigilant, he looks the part.

So, in his more modest manner, did Kersey. Promoted in the order because of Brown's bruised thumb, the wicketkeeper relished his additional role. He is a busy player and seemed certain to top his career-best of 83 before he was taken in the slips.

The bowler was Powell, an optimistic slinger of medium pace who has triumphed in what was only his second over in first-class cricket.

By then Shahid had charged Giles; he missed and continued the forward movement in the direction of the pavilion without needing to glance at the umpire.

Ratcliffe, however, carried on to make 63 with the unhurried and good-looking poise he once revealed, though never quite showed enough of in his Edgbaston days.

Against Warwickshire's persevering and at times nervous batting, Surrey batted with the proficiency of a side keen to get something to show for the skill and spirit they seem to have rediscovered this summer.

Butcher and Bicknell put on 135 for the first wicket; it was solid, unpretentious and single-minded. Giles, fighting rather than spinning at last, trapped Butcher for 70; Bicknell soon followed, caught in the slips, for his 55.

Mark Ramprakash and Mike Gatting added to Jason Pooley's overnight century to build a daunting second-innings total for Middlesex and take them close to defeating Hampshire at Portsmouth.

Pooley was first out on 111 but Ramprakash went on to score 108 and Gatting 83 as the visitors amassed 426. Liam Botham taking one for 83. Hampshire were left with a target of 384 to win in what amounted to a day and a half but by the close they had struggled to 109 for five.

Essex scored 194 in 37 overs (Graham Gooch emerged from a light weights session to find they had added 100) and redefined the match.

White eventually bowled them both though Vaughan's first ball should have dismissed Hussain on 98 when he clipped to long-off where Stump, in sunglasses on an overcast day, fumbled the chance.

Stump had the sort of day that could wreck his prospects of an England A tour. He barely turned a ball and did nothing to remove the suspicion in high places that he rides heavy punishment about as well as a three-year-old rides a bike.

Peter Such's off-spin was a different proposition. He hounded Yorkshire with a spell of control and menace, having Vaughan leg-before to a forward pop, dismissing the left-handed Byas at slip, bowling Moxon and snaffing McGrath at bat-pad.

Yorkshire, 119 for five at the close, were 37. It will take an astounding turnaround, or severe flooding, to prevent Essex achieving a county record of six successive championship wins.

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Yorkshire v Essex Hussain the hustler

David Hopps at Headingley

IF the logic of leaving Nasser Hussain out of England's one-day squad had not been immediately apparent, Essex found little cause to question its wisdom as his exuberant assault on Yorkshire's bowlers brought further impetus to their championship challenge.

It is not unknown for a dropped international star to return morosely to the county ranks but Hussain revelled in his opportunity. Two acclaimed Test hundreds against India had represented his only first-class centuries of the summer but his 158 yesterday on a dubious surface more than redressed the balance for his county.

Hussain benefited from a deplorable Yorkshire performance. Their fielding was lax and their mis-use of a pitch of treacherous bounce and sharp turn more so, with only Hamilton and White emerging with much credit.

There was still much batting to be done, however, and Hussain and Pritchard set about it with purpose. Before lunch Essex scored 194 in 37 overs (Graham Gooch emerged from a light weights session to find they had added 100) and redefined the match.

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White eventually bowled them both though Vaughan's first ball should have dismissed Hussain on 98 when he clipped to long-off where Stump, in sunglasses on an overcast day, fumbled the chance.

Stump had the sort of day that could wreck his prospects of an England A tour. He barely turned a ball and did nothing to remove the suspicion in high places that he rides heavy punishment about as well as a three-year-old rides a bike.

Rugby Union Top Welsh clubs join threatened breakaway

Robert Armstrong on the latest revolt in the Principality on the eve of a new season

LEADING Welsh clubs yesterday stunned British rugby by following the example of their English counterparts in threatening a mass breakaway from their traditional clubs at the start of the new season. As players in both countries prepared for today's opening league games, the clubs declared that the new Anglo-Welsh competition would go ahead next month with or without the approval of their unions.

While the English game was taking a deep breath at the start of the most unpredictable season of its 126-year history, the Welsh clubs started a fresh offensive against the Welsh Rugby Union, which they have accused of wrecking their chances of a viable commercial future with sponsors and television.

Both the Welsh and English clubs are incensed by a lack of detail from their unions on the likely distribution of this season's revenue.

"The Welsh clubs fully support the English clubs and eagerly anticipate the creation of a new order to take British club rugby into an exciting future," Peter Thomas, chairman of First Division Rugby Limited in Wales, said yesterday. Thomas's "new order" could well be a joint administrative body set up by the clubs to take over the chief powers and responsibilities of the WRU and RFU.

A joint statement issued yesterday by the English Professional Rugby Union Clubs (EPRUC) and FDR Limited suggested there has been considerable cross-border collusion with the aim of supplanting the unions. The statement said: "As with EPRUC's decision earlier in the week, individual clubs in Wales with memberships will be asked to

give their approval to the plan [to run their own affairs]. But, given the reported disillusionment throughout Wales at the relationship with the WRU, there seems to be every likelihood the plan will be approved."

Yesterday Tony Hallett, the RFU's secretary, was optimistic that agreement could be reached with England's disaffected clubs. However, a number of senior club officers seemed resigned to the fact of a breakaway within three weeks, by which time the members of wavering clubs will have been contacted. The loss of confidence in the capacity of the RFU to bring its warring factions together and mend broken fences with their other home unions over their unpopular BSkyB television deal has been profound.

One club secretary said: "Twickenham is like a tottering drunk waiting for the knock-out punch."

It is ironic that the existence of the RFU, which has promoted the commercialisation of rugby in the Nineties, should be seriously threatened by its leading clubs, who today parade a world-class array of talent that reflects the power of unfettered marketforces. The rich men like Nigel Wray, Chris Wright and Sir John Hall, who have begun to mount club rugby into a multimillion-pound entertainment business, had indicated they want to be shot of the game's "amateur" administrators.

No one would have predicted last winter that the final Saturday of August would witness Michael Lynagh and Philippe Sala turning out at Enfield FC with Saracens to strut their stuff against Bob Dwyer's new-look Leicester; nor would it have seemed feasible at that time

Cricket News and Scores 0891 22 83 +

Texaco Trophy One-Day International Match Reports

Table listing match reports for various counties: Derbyshire 31, Middlesex 40, Durham 32, Northants 41, Essex 33, Nottingham 42, Glamorgan 34, Somerset 43, Gloucestershire 35, Surrey 44, Hampshire 36, Sussex 45, Kent 37, Warwickshire 46, Lancashire 38, Worcestershire 47, Leicestershire 39, Yorkshire 48.

Complete county scores 0891 22 83 30

The Guardian INTERACTIVE logo



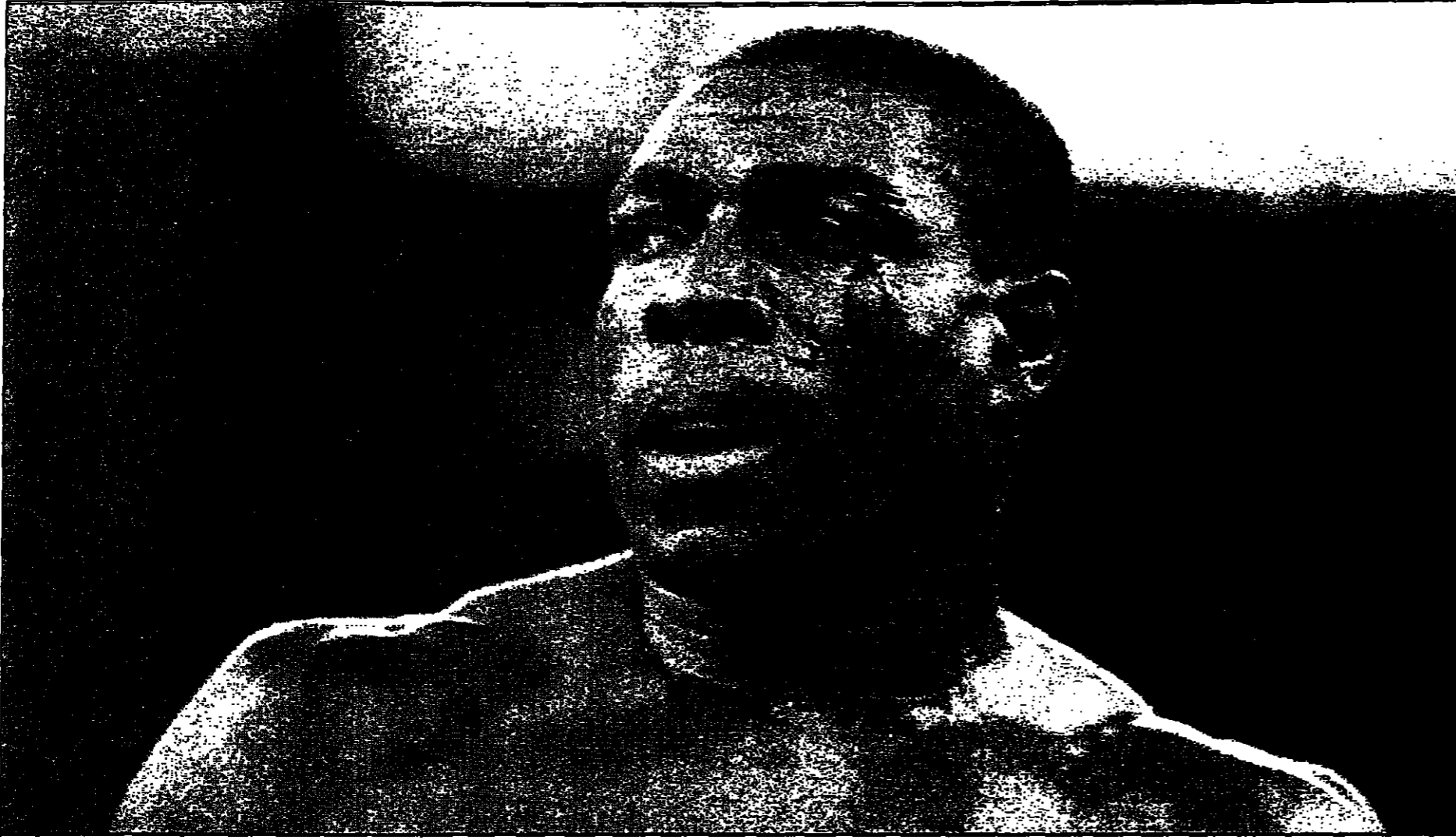
US Open tennis
Tim Henman makes his play for glory
20



Armbands and the man
Alan Shearer is England's new captain
22

The Guardian International
SPORT

The threat of partial blindness delivers a technical knock-out to Britain's most popular boxer



End in sight... Bruno, his left eye cut, returns to his corner at the end of a gruelling opening round against Tyson in Las Vegas last March. Tyson won two rounds later to regain the WBC title in what was to prove Bruno's last fight. AL BELL

Heavy duty and light relief

Ups

- 1961 Born November 16, Wandsworth, London
- 1980 Wins ABA heavyweight title
- 1982 Knocks out Lupe Guerra in his first professional fight, at the Royal Albert Hall
- 1985 Dresses up as Juliet for a Comic Relief charity show
- 1988 Makes his pantomime debut, in *Aladdin* at the Dominion Theatre
- 1990 Awarded the MBE; marries Laura Mooney
- 1995 Finally wins a world title, Beats Oliver McCall at Wembley Arena on points

Downs

- 1972 Sent to a special school, Oak House in Sussex
- 1980 Refused a professional boxing licence on the grounds of his myopia. Flies to Colombia to undergo a £5,000 corrective operation
- 1984 Suffers his first professional loss, at the hands of Bonecrusher Smith
- 1986 Beaten by Tim Witherspoon at Wembley in his first attempt at winning the world heavyweight title
- 1987 Appears in his first HP Sauce advert
- 1988 Flies to America for world heavyweight title fight against Mike Tyson. Lasts five rounds
- 1991 Has an operation on a detached retina
- 1993 Completes hat-trick of title defeats - against Lennox Lewis in Cardiff
- 1996 Loses his WBC heavyweight crown after just 410 seconds in the ring with Mike Tyson; announces his retirement on August 30 after being told that a single blow could blind him in one eye



Eye specialist counts out Bruno's career

Richard Williams welcomes the retirement of the persistent heavyweight who became world champion at the fourth attempt

NO MORE will Frank Bruno's face be half-hidden behind dark glasses, his battered eyes protected from the flash-bulbs on the morning after a big fight. To the relief of anyone who saw him take heavy punishment on either side of his brief and unexpected reign as a world heavyweight champion, Bruno yesterday announced his retirement.

The eyes held the key to his decision to bow out at the age of 34 after a professional career of 40 wins in 45 fights, 38 by knock-out. Earlier this week a leading specialist told him that further blows could detach the retina of his right eye, and that he would thus be denied a licence to box.

"I dreamed of winning another world title for Britain," he said yesterday, "but my eyesight has to be more important than my dreams." His immediate plans, beyond spending more time with his young family, are unclear.

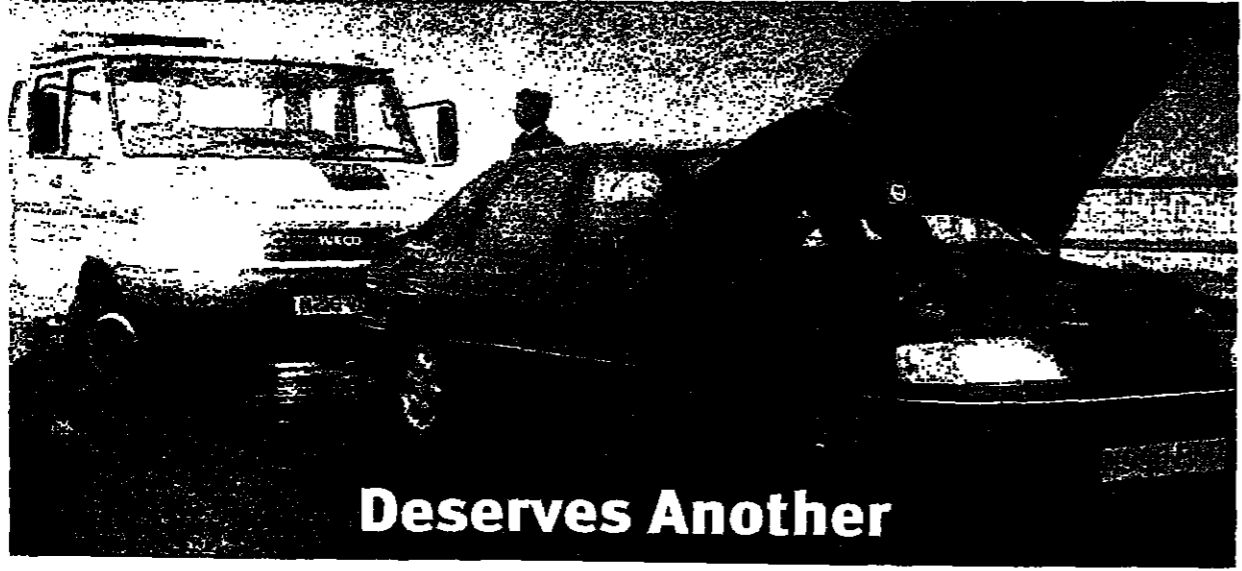
The announcement was made yesterday morning, three days short of a year since he had taken the WBC championship from Oliver McCall in front of a delirious crowd at Wembley Stadium. He held the title for 197 days before losing it to Mike Tyson last March, earning a reported £4 million for a three-round performance which left no doubt that the end had come.

Bruno held one of the three major world titles during a period in which the credibility of heavyweight boxing was probably at its lowest level in living memory. The other concurrent champions, Francois Botha and Bruce Seldon, were similarly unconvincing; all three danced on the end of strings pulled by the egregious Don King.

Yet, like Henry Cooper before him, Bruno managed to make the transition in his nation's consciousness from prizefighter to personality, shrewdly trading on a studied inarticulacy which charmed millions, creating a marketable character and a handy slogan: "Know what I mean, Larry?"



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Professor David McLeod, the specialist who gave him the bad news this week, had enabled him to undertake a professional career in the first place. In 1980 the British Boxing Board of Control refused Bruno — then 18, and the newly crowned British amateur champion — a licence on the grounds of congenital myopia. McLeod knew that only two hospitals in the world were equipped to rectify the problem, and it was on his advice that Bruno set out for Bogota, where a Colombian surgeon performed the operation.

Guided by Terry Lawless and Mickey Duff, Bruno made his professional debut in 1982. Within four years he fought for the world title, losing to Tim Witherspoon in the 11th round at Wembley. In 1989 he challenged Tyson for the first time, losing in five rounds in Las Vegas.

After that he retired and seemed lost to the world of pantomimes and TV game shows. But a second round of eye surgery preface a return in 1991, after the board had been persuaded by his new manager, Frank Warren, to let him box on.

His credibility, severely damaged by a series of comeback victories over hand-picked stumblebums, was restored in 1993 by the courage he showed while losing in seven rounds to the younger, more skilful Lennox Lewis in a fight for the WBC title at Cardiff Arms Park.

Guardian COLLINS Crossword 20,746

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,746, P.O. Box 315, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 2AX, by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday September 9.

Name _____
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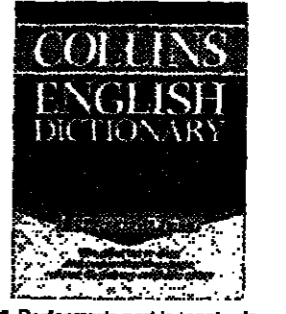
Set by Araucaria

Across

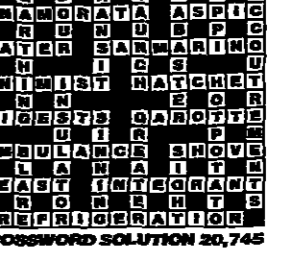
- 1 Railway takes princess into the promised land of peace (8,7)
- 2 Twist twice and turn, not on paper (9)
- 3 The man between the bull and the magpie (5)
- 4 Times for the cat? (7)
- 5 Answer letters in part of series (7)
- 6 Decider in the case of the Queen being in the money (7)
- 7 Meditative catchword quietly to catch any of us? (3-4)
- 8 Welsh town similarly to catch hen for a change? (7)

Down

- 1 Defensive outwork on the way to making a purchase? (7-8)
- 2 Knotted with no knot tied? (5)
- 3 Your partner could be ideal, Mr. Otto (7)



- 4 Performer's part is teacher's part (7)
- 5 What hurts a male is holding every single letter (7)
- 6 Rough epithet to write on notorious doctor (7)
- 7 Bred in the wild without a home that has windows (9)
- 8 Like writing letters? Likewise (15)
- 9 Times in the pink at last: I can reveal it (9)
- 10 Consume what may be... (3)
- 11 ... consumed of 13 (3)
- 12 Fix painter to bow of American craft (7)
- 13 Sister who sounds like a self in Jersey (7)
- 14 Big beast needs a mother and more than a half (7)
- 15 Welcoming drink (7)
- 16 Epic of Irish leader upsetting his parliament (8)



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